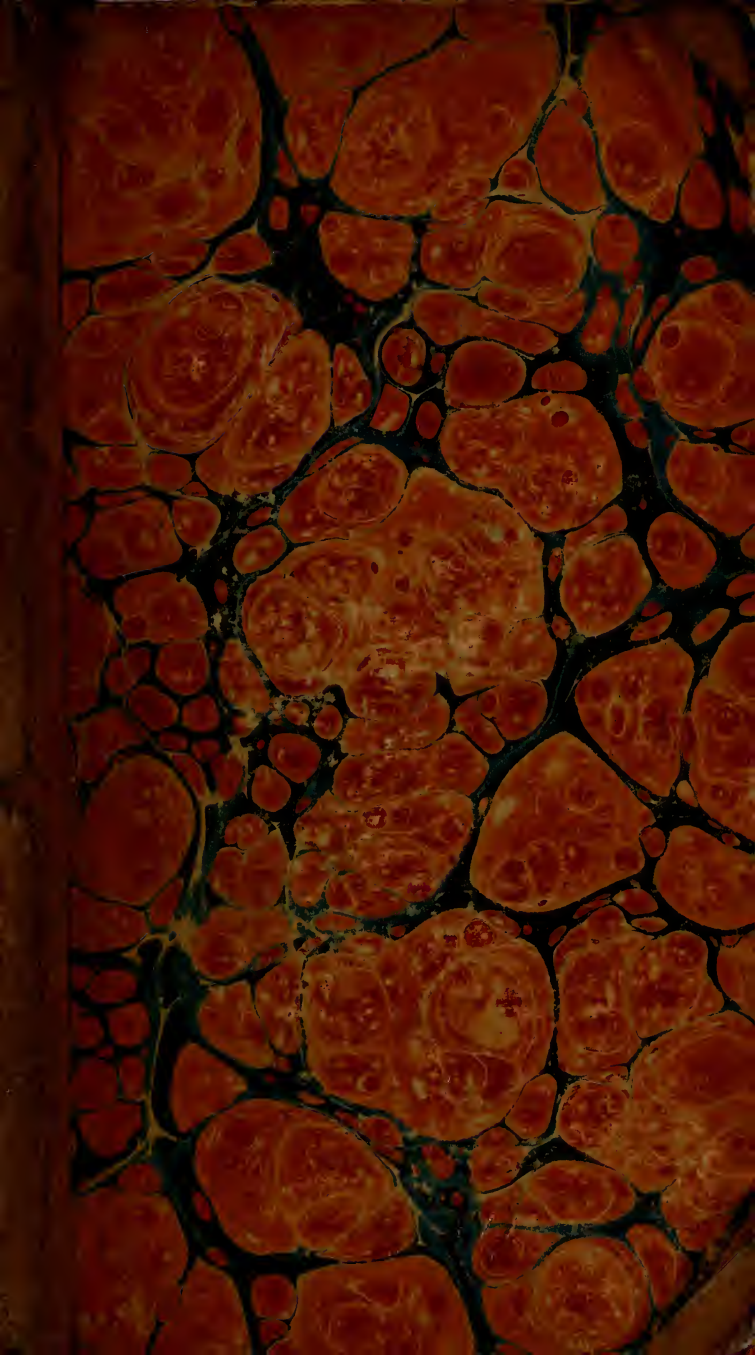


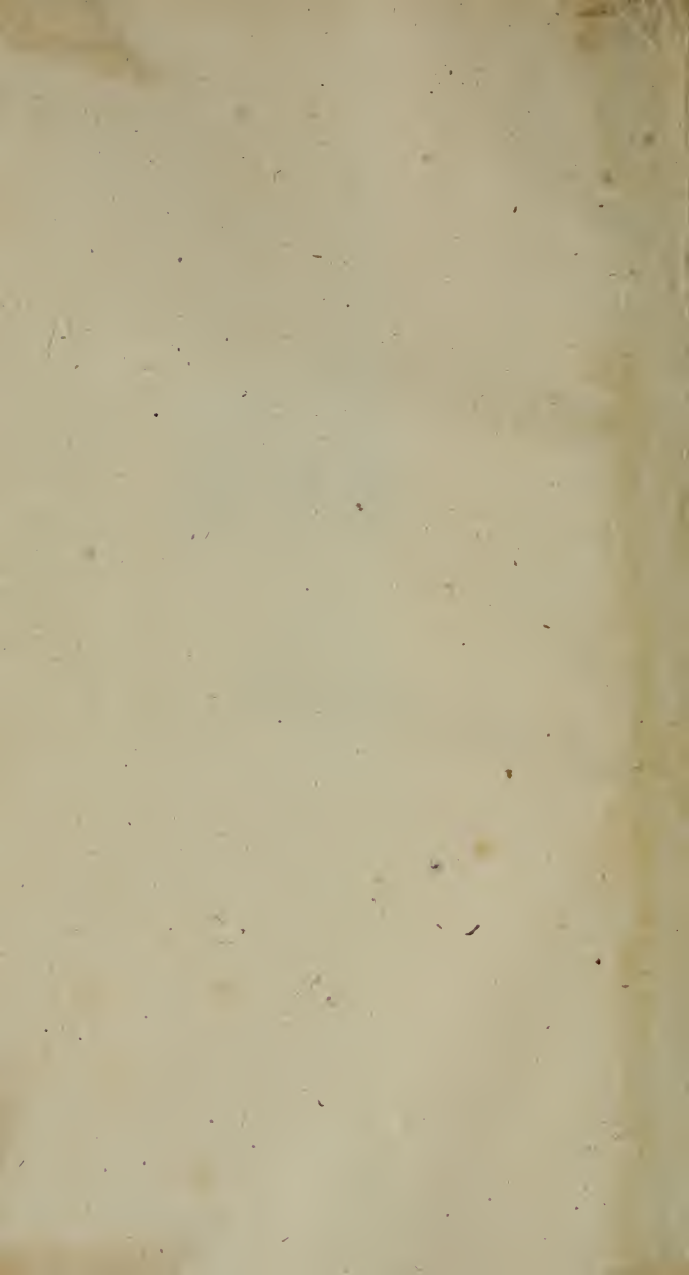


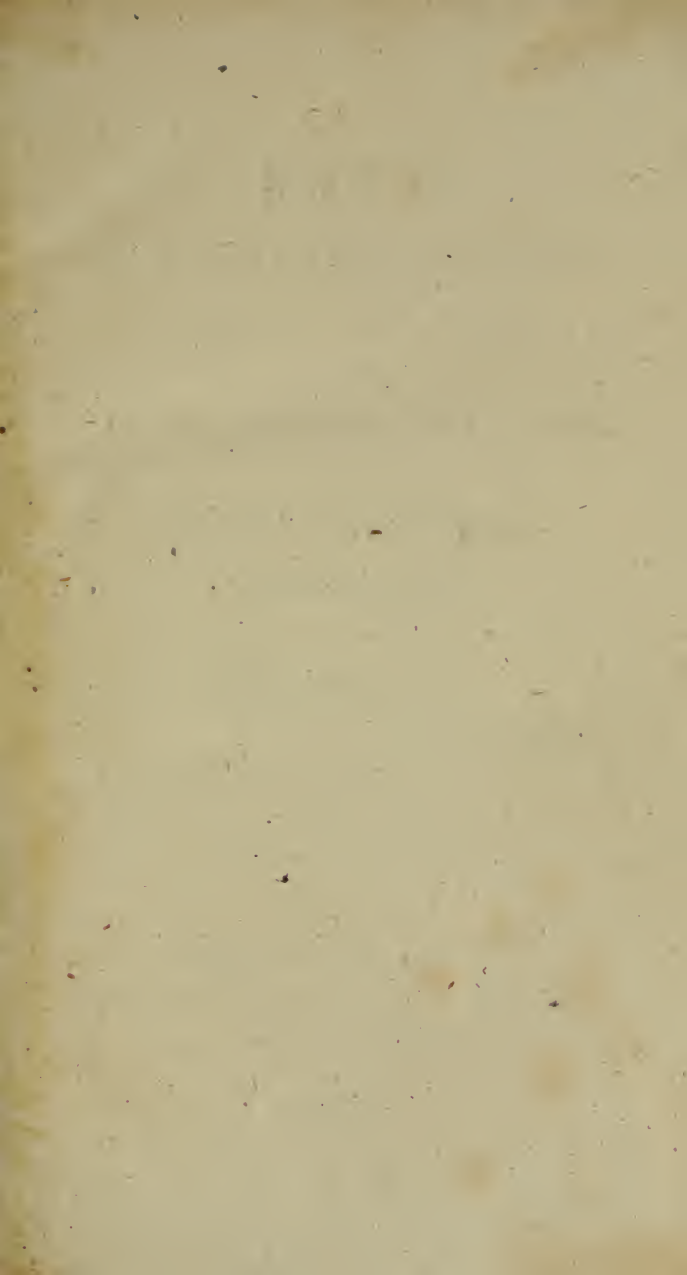
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BATH;
A SATIRICAL NOVEL,
WITH PORTRAITS.

BY
THOMAS BROWN, THE ELDER,
AUTHOR OF

Brighton, or The Stepne.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ Sans un petit brin d'Amour
On s'enuyeroit meme a la cour.”

FRENCH BALLAD.

VOL. III.

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BATH.

CHAPTER I.

For ever! What a volume lies
Within those simple sounds alone!
How we regret, how dearly prize
What once was trifling in our eyes,
When 'tis for ever ——— flown.



GLEN Eagle had taken young Algernon to his house: he was delighted to administer comfort to the child; and yet his presence kept him in low spirits. Short although the period had been of his knowledge of his father; yet his being for ever gone—his not having it more in his power to comfort and relieve him

sunk deep into his mind, and threw a gloom over his thoughts. He had moreover no longer the consolation of seeing her who held his heart in chains. London became odious; and he only waited for one letter from her to quit it.

In the mean time the notoriety of Lady Charlotte's elopement gained publicity daily. Her wretched husband was inconsolable; she had been all the world to him; and although he long blamed her imprudence and levity respecting Lord Mona, he never could bring his partial mind to think her guilty. This last affliction was almost more than he could bear. He loved his children with a tenderness more than common in fashionable parents; yet they now seemed as reproaches—as

aggravations of his sufferings, and of their mother's guilt. The world was a desert, a mere wilderness to him; he was disconsolate; yet

—— Thus it shall befall

Him, who, to worth in woman ever trusting,
Lets her will rule.

MILTON.

The kind husband and tender father would probably have sunk under his afflictions had it not been for *kind* friends. He proposed at one time going abroad for life; and at another, purchasing a solitary situation in the wilds of Wales, and there burying himself alive; for *he* felt all the shame which might have attached to his lady.

There was, however, a certain parson,

who had, once upon a time, been refused by Lady Charlotte, and who now thought that revenge was sweet, that crimes should not go unpunished, that *morality* demanded the tribute of public censure, and that his advice might endear him to a rich man, and give him a future empire over his mind. There was likewise a neighbouring lawyer; and he dearly liked a litigation, and those who followed his advice *dearly* paid for it; and, if his neighbour employed him, it would raise his reputation; and he had a young cousin a counsellor, whose *maiden* speech might be set off by a crim. con. trial. And lastly, there was a very good looking fat housekeeper of six-and-thirty, a widow too, and she fancied that her master looked some-

times kindly at her (she was deceived) and the children were very fond of her, and she loved the children, and her master was an excellent man, and it was a *right down shame* that my lady should ——— abuse such a good gentleman, and if he divorced my lady she would be sole mistress, and there was no knowing what might happen.

The parson, therefore, called on his friend. He looked like a walking funeral, and talked of *resignation*. The poor man was resigned if he would let him alone. He groaned like a horse with a cholic: the husband groaned in unison. The parson asked what he meant to *do*: the husband said, “nothing.” “Hum!”—great disappointment,—“it was a *hard case*.” (He rub-

bed his head again :) the husband said "it was. Yea, verily, it was *a case of chagrin*." "It was so. It was hard for a man to be dishonoured, and to have no redress:" the husband pulled up his pantaloons, and said it was: he moreover looked fierce. The parson then added, that he did not mean that a duel would make things better: on the contrary it might make them worse. The husband replied that it might so, looked tame, and put his hands in his pocket:—was this pocketing an affront? We know not. The parson then observed, that it was hard that a good husband should be fettered with a bad wife for life, without being able to form an honourable and proper alliance, and to have a proper person to look after his children.

The husband shewed evident signs of agitation, and answered nothing. The parson said that he feared he had intruded, and so withdrew, leaving his friend *much consoled* by his visit. The lawyer called; he looked downcast, confused, and concerned, (he wanted to be concerned). He never saw his good neighbour look so ill. Had he the head-ache? He shook his head; he had —— a long pause —— he was hurt to the very soul at what had happened. Who could have thought it? so kind a husband! so seemingly fond a wife! Yet he had always had his suspicions. The husband said that he never had had any. “Yes,” resumed the lawyer, “I saw *involuntarily* (which by the bye was a falsehood, for he had

been a spy upon the eloped couple) many suspicious circumstances ; but he could scarcely believe his *own eyes*. He could, however, throw some light on the subject, and he had a clerk too who could. The husband interrupted him and turned the subject, speaking of a lease which he wished to break. That could *easily* be done, replied the lawyer ; and he wished every other bond and engagement was *as easily* broken. The husband sighed. He returned to the old subject. What a shame ! what a pity ! Did his good neighbour mean to sue *merely* for a separation, or—— He was interrupted again, and the distracted husband assured him that he had not made up his mind on the matter, that jarring interests and contend-

ing passions divided and bewildered him, he begged Mr. Quibble to leave him for the present, and to call some other time.

The housekeeper next came into the room with the children. She had dressed them uncommonly neat. She looked at them with an air of more than usual tenderness; there was something maternal in the glance with which she viewed them. Mr. W—— was agitated at the sight of them: he kissed them suddenly, and begged that they might be taken out of the room: he had particular business—he had the head-ache. The housekeeper obeyed reluctantly. “Show papa your new shoes, my dear—Caroline, let papa see how nice your hair is cut.” All this

was lost ; the stage effect failed completely ; she drew a deep sigh ; pressed the childrens' heads against her bosom ; made them make low bows and curtesies, which were not taken notice of ; and lingeringly closed the door of the apartment.

She, however, returned again to the charge : “ I beg your pardon, Sir, for the intrusion ; may the children go to Kensington Gardens in the coach ? ” “ Any where you please,” replied her master. “ Or, if you should want the carriage yourself,” added she, in a very humble and silvery tone of voice, “ as I perceive that you look indisposed, why then they might go with myself and the footman to the Green Park on foot.” The *Green Park*—that word struck daggers to

the injured husband's heart ; it was the spot where his faithless partner used to meet her paramour (well did the house-keeper know that). Mr. W. turned pale, hesitated, drew his breath, turned his countenance aside. The house-keeper recommenced : " Or any where else which you judge best, Sir." " Any where in the world," hastily answered her master ; " do but take them out, my dear Mrs. Marmalade, and let me hear no more about it."

This was cutting her short, it was breaking off the thread of her discourse ; but it cut not off her hopes, nor did it impose upon her future silence ; and albeit, though Mrs. Marmalade was a little addicted to garrulity, and disappointed when she lost an opportunity of

indulging that passion, yet the words *my dear* Mrs. Marmalade were sweeter than honey to her taste, more melodious than the soft sound of the lute to her ear; she withdrew with dimpled cheek, and dejected eye; but, returning quickly again, said, “I fear that I am too troublesome, but I want *one of the little dear’s* hats.” Mr. W. said mildly: “Very well, Mrs. Marmalade, take it if you please.” She obeyed, but did not fail, as she closed the door, to articulate—“Heigh ho! poor gentleman! my heart bleeds for him, and the sweet little lambs! no mother to look after them! oh! the base woman, the *more than monster!!!* Such a good man too.”

This monologue did not fail to have its effect in her master’s mind: he

thought anew how he had been injured, how grossly deceived, how hard it was *tamely* to submit to all this, how disconsolate to be worse than a widower; he fell into a train of melancholy reflection, and seemed lost as it were in his reverie. Mrs. Marmalade had mistaken that tone of mild resignation for something more flattering to her views; she thought she was gaining ground on the bruised spirit and wounded heart of her master. It is with an afflicted mind, just as it is with the half-frozen, starving, and lost mariner; the first sail which he descries seems sent direct from heaven; the first hand that succours him is beatified to tears; the first individual who relieves his many wants seems a

ministering angel to his heart: thus do our sufferings and wants constitute the chief of our enjoyments, and magnify our contrasted pleasures into ecstasies indescribable. Thus also does the love-lorn heart, having nothing to rest upon, crave and ache itself into feverish sickness, and then easily, very easily bestows itself on an unworthy object. The illusion, like a gilded Midsummer's night's dream, gives form and substance, weight and value to the airy and distempered fancies of a debilitated body, and of a disturbed mind.

Mrs. Marmalade, who well knew this, felt a flush in her face, a redoubled rapidity of circulation, and, looking in her glass, she complacently observed, that her increase of colour

looked mighty inviting, and that it was more than probable that she might have made some impression on Mr. W. Giles, the butler, who had a sneaking kindness for the housekeeper, thought also that she looked uncommonly well, and offered to put on her shawl, with “Zooks, Missis, how pretty you looks this morning.” This was answered by a frown, a very dignified toss of the head, and by “Sir, keep your hands to yourself; I want none of your attentions;” and out she flounced.

Just at this juncture the parson made his visit: he talked a great deal about his handsome relation, the necessity of *well* educating young women, of the *gangrene* (as he termed it) of fashion, of the excellent wives which young wo-

men bred up in the country made, of the vile education of great folks—all to no purpose. His friend did not hear above *one half* of what he said, comprehended about a *fourth* of that, and noticed an *eighth* of that fourth; so that the parson's rhetoric was so sadly reduced by division and subdivision, that it scarcely amounted to a *figure in speech*.

The lawyer at this moment made his *unbidden* call: he looked more like an *executioner* than a lawyer; whilst the *reverend* appeared more like an undertaker than a divine. There wanted *only* the *doctor*—that useful *triumvir* on this *deadly* occasion, to make the poor cornuted consort of a faithless wife fancy himself betwixt death, the devil, and the undertaker. It was a *mortal*

dull scene. Mr. Quibble insinuated that he had heard such shocking intelligence respecting Lady Charlotte, that (painful though it might be) it became the imperious duty of a neighbour and a man of honour (the one was a *local affection* and the other *certainly not a constitutional* one) to inform him of what he had heard; whether true or false remained to be proved, and whether worthy of Mr. W—'s attention or not, depended upon a *chain* of circumstances, every *link* of which was worthy of consideration as to the extent of his fortune, his means to prosecute, the proof in hand, his regard or revolted feeling toward Lady Charlotte.

Here he was carrying on his chain *à perte de vue*, like a chain of moun-

tains; but he was stopped by his neighbour, who begged merely, simply and *briefly*, to know what he meant. Now this *briefly* taken individually pleased Mr. Quibble most excessively; for the first part sounded like a *brief*, and the second, *the ly* was familiar to his habits and to his profession, and shone bright *in promise*; but the *briefly* taken *collectively* was hostile to his *interest* and to his *practice*, where difficulties, delays, time, expense, amplification, so as *even* to give value to *single* words and *expletives*, such as, *now be it known—that the aforesaid—herein within named—designated—and herein aftermentioned—now notwithstanding—the said above narrated cause—always provided and nevertheless*, where circumlocution such

as this give *consequence* to the legal authority and riches and emoluments to their destructive trade, in which the attorney is *always provided* with matter and *nevertheless* in charge.

Mr. Quibble, after looking grave, said that he had heard that her ladyship had contracted extensive debt; but that if *she had not* contracted it, she might do so. "I'll pay it all," nobly answered the husband, with a look full of pride and *returning* fondness. "That's *right*," said the parson: "honesty is the main virtue of society; but then she should be prevented from contracting more." "That's *wrong*," said the lawyer, "until *we* examine the *nature* of the demands; else an HONEST man may pay twice over, and have to submit to imposition from

unjust tradesmen, and from a wife *who has dishonoured his bed*. This was a masterly stroke ; for, although the husband looked at the lawyer as if he could have joyed to knock him down, yet it aroused such indignation in his bosom, that he was resolved to do something decisive.

On this feeling, arising out of irritation, the parson and lawyer powerfully acted. They hinted that proofs might be easily obtained, and that Mrs. Marmalade knew a great deal, which out of respect to him, love for the children, a hope of her mistress's amendment, and a *natural diffidence*, had hitherto been withheld. This clenched the matter, and it was agreed upon that a trial for crim. con. should be proceeded on.

The learned divine and arch attorney left their friend with *apparent* pity for what his feelings had to meet, but with *real* satisfaction at the accomplishment of their views and designs. Mrs. Marmalade too, viewed the different *tête-à-têtes* with her master, where she proposed contrasting backwardness and modesty, with *honest indignation* and *inviolable* attachment to him, in a very promising point of view. These hopes were, however, blighted, by Mr. W——'s very delicately deputing the lawyer to take her examination and to report progress to him.

The report of this trial soon spread abroad; and the Duke, who had fixed the very hour of his departure, saw his interest so involved in it that he put off

his journey until its conclusion. He wrote on the subject to Lady Mona, who perfectly agreed in his opinion, and arranged her plans accordingly, watching every action of the eloped couple, unperceived by them.

The eventful day arrived; the trial was called in its turn; the parties concerned were present; the lawyer was in high spirits; the parson affected to listen *with disgust* to such a proceeding, and went in a kind of demi incognito to the court; the maid servants who were to be called tittered and bit their lips, and fidgetted about upon their seats, and simpered and blushed, and blushed and simpered again, hacked, and coughed, and laughed, and said, it was a *real* shame!

“ This comes of high life ! What would be said if a poor servant was to use her husband so ? ” “ Why *nothing at all*,” said the lawyer, “ unless there was a collusion of the parties, or a conspiracy to obtain money of a rich man ; for if the *parties* were in humble life, it would create no interest, and it would be nobody’s business and nobody’s interest to meddle in it.” Then again Mrs. Marmalade was dressed like a woman of fashion ; she was actually *caricaturing* her mistress’s airs ; she had made up a face for the court (no uncommon thing to see *court faces made up*) ; she had moreover thrown a veil over her face, doubtless because a *veil of mystery* adds great interest to a cause ; and she looked forward to *undivided* attention,

and general admiration from the male part of the auditors, while she was giving her evidence. Lastly, she had provided herself with a smelling bottle in the intention of seeming to be overcome by her feelings, and summing up her *detail* by a swoon.

Although town was deserted by all fashionables, the court was crowded to excess. Many fashionables came to town on purpose to hear the trial. The Duke, in complete disguise, attended with eager eye and ear; and the case was ready to be opened by the leading counsel for the prosecution. Those present in court were composed of fashionables, lawyers, idlers, and all the detail of the law from the starving scribbler to the pampered dignitary of

the long robe. There were of the fair sex all classes, from the demirep and dowager down to the waiting woman and spider-brusher, and from the scandal-monger of an old maid, with the divorced or *tripping* wife, down to the mistress of a boarding-school, and young ladies just emerged from the seminary.

Some smiled, some whispered, some looked grave, some looked pleased, and some rubbed their hands, while others scratched their foreheads: a divorced lady chuckled with delight; a fair delinquent shivered with fear; the bucks grinned and jogged each other; the parson shrugged up his shoulders; the boarding-school miss opened her eyes and ears until every

eye was on her ; some murmured, and some turned pale.

Dolly the chamber-maid, when she was asked some *oddish* particulars, burst out laughing, and scandalized the judge. Lord ———, however, who was present, observed, that she was a *fine strapping wench*. Mrs. Marmalade was so hurt at the *creatur's* indelicacy, that when called upon for her evidence, she burst into tears, the flow whereof was greatly facilitated and augmented by a strong cordial previously swallowed by the bashful fair. Her testimony created *general interest* and partial mirth.

No defence was set up by Lord Mona, and on *that* account the ladies said that the matter ended rather *flat*. The *ultra* moralists among the *men* were heard to

call his lordship all sorts of bad names, as they left the court, (N.B. They were all married men); whilst the hyper-critics amongst the females branded Lady Charlotte with the *mild* epithets of a *monster!* a *spirit of darkness!* a *barbarous* and *unnatural wife* and *mother!* a *porcupine!* an *adulteress*, and a **DEVIL incarnate!!!** but said that my Lord M. was a noble fellow for letting judgment go by default: it was so generous, so considerate towards the *wretch*, and that they pitied him for thus being saddled with such a woman. Thus ended the trial. The doors of the court were shut up, but not so the mouths of female slander: this was a *fine opening* for their amusement. Now were the clubs, coffee-houses, and ice-shops, the

milliners and dress-makers, the lace-merchants, and perfumers, where enterprising beaux and tottering belles made assignations, filled with this subject: the newspaper columns exhibited *crim. con.* at their head, and the paper was in consequence seized with eagerness, and perused with anxious interest: lords and ladies, commoners, and tradesmen's wives, who had escaped discovery, but were not less guilty than the *parties* whose names had come into court, took credit to themselves for their discretion, or rather for their good fortune, and ventured to censure or to declaim on the bearings of the cause, always discovering some *shade* which made it differ from their own, and constituted it more blameworthy *in their*

eyes. As to their own case, it was a mere *tendre*, an irresistible passion depending on a thousand delicate circumstances : Who could be happy with so ill-tempered a wife ? Who could be faithful to so old and ugly a husband ? This came of forcing young people's inclinations ; these *slips* were unavoidable ; they were *tout naturel* ; they existed in the best *regulated families* ; they were inseparable from high life ; in short, they were *moins que rien*, less than nothing, a *negative* quantity, which we leave to deeper and more mathematical heads, acquainted with the *plenum* vacuum and *minus plus*, to explain.

CHAPTER II.

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.

VIRGIL.

THE Duke returned from the trial elate with the triumph of the day. Open war might now at any time be declared betwixt his adonata and her faithless spouse; and his residence in Scotland was particularly favourable to this end. He accordingly reported progress by that day's post. Tom Shuffleton, and a few select friends, waited his return from court; and in the language of Virgil listened attentively to his narrative. "But tell me," said the former, "who were in court? Who saw you amongst the vulgi stante co-

rona?" His grace mentioned them in the following order.

LORD SHELTERCASTLE.

The character of Lord S—— is so well known, that it would be useless to give it, had his lordship not taken up a *new* trade, *new* ground of argument, and a *new character altogether*, to be engrafted on his original stock of patriotism and popularity. As in Ireland, no great mischief could accrue from the ——, or from solitary and dark confinement, for the sake of *political discovery*; so now, in England, this profound legislator finds that no injury can be done to the freedom of the subject, no injustice to the suffering in-

dividual, by domiciliary visits, arrests on suspicion, and confinement for the sake of *information*.

Accordingly, the noble lord has now assumed the respectable office of Advocate-General for spies and informers; and has taken C—— and O—— under the *blushing* honours of his elegant casuistry, assuring the country at large that the idle clamours against their characters are very detrimental to society, as they may deter *gentlemen* from accepting the honourable and profitable offices of government spies. Can this intellectual gallantry on his part be from any interested motive?

Is it possible that there can be any thing like fellow-feeling in it? The obloquy which attaches to these hire-

lings glances sometimes indirectly at their principals and patrons ; nor do they wipe off the stain, by becoming their defenders. Does his lordship see no disgrace in upholding the utterers of forged notes, the traffickers in human blood, the ensanguined carcase butchers who receive the price of their fellow-creatures' lives and liberties ? Or does he, at once, by tolerating and defending such characters, set himself at the head of the Tower firm, established for the purpose of uttering sham treasons and accommodation plots ? This is certainly a *new office*.

But his lordship has but half done his work ; and, whilst he seeks to varnish over the perjury and abandonment of principle in the class of *mouchards*

of government, could not his honor relax a little further, and throw a veil over the character of Mrs. C——, who keeps a house of ill fame, which fixes a stain on herself and husband, well worthy being removed by the masterly hand of the peer. He might as well also rescue a profession, not without high example, from the vulgar obloquy which at present attends it.

On occasion of this conscientious parliamentary defence, we are told, that Lord L——'s hat, that broad-brimm'd monument of true old English respectability, cowered and doubled down in dogs' ears at the sound; and that the lovers of legitimacy, the champions of the sacred rights of kings, the admirers of Ferdinand the beloved inquisitionist,

and Louis the desired of all men—par la grace de quarante mille bayonettes, stood aghast, and vowed that the noble lord had out-heroded Herod, and that his sophistry beat any thing in ancient or modern times, by *delicately* connecting private virtues and public services, acts of cruelty and national benefit, injustices and particular utility in the persons and offices of spies, by this necessary *police morality*; giving a colouring to prostitution *entirely new*, and *indescribably interesting and unique*.

After this masterly *coup de politique* of the noble lord's, we are told that no imputation is left on the *moral* character of O——; no, nor of C—— neither; and he has almost brought Mr. Wilber-

force to believe that there is nothing wrong in suborning witnesses, nor in bartering freedom, provided it be not in *church-time* on the sabbath-day. What powerful argument ! Why, a man may now hope to get a *moral character* from ministry, as easily as he once could get a place or a pension ; and no one shall dare gainsay it ; no, not even if he have formerly put off forged notes, committed perjury, sold his fellow-men, or innocently kept a house of *accommodation*, called by our stiff and prejudiced ancestors—a brothel.

SIR PETER PIVOT.

There are two distinct roads to fortune and fame, very different indeed in

their nature, but leading precisely to the same end. High talent, originality of genius, brilliant ability, and daring adventure, form the one; steadiness, industry, perseverance, cool and balancing prudence, constitute the other. The former delights, astonishes, and elevates its possessor; the latter works its way like a miner, and quietly and almost imperceptibly gains its object, and ensures itself success.

With this second-rate, but very valuable quality, is General Sir Peter gifted. He is a native of Scotland, which secures coolness and reflection; and a cousin of the late Lord M——, which was always a point and a half in favour of a man's doing well; and, if seconded

by laborious exertions, was in a manner insuring his promotion. The burlesque song on that peer's acquittal admirably pictures this success of his relatives, and gives a very just sketch of the steady quiet exertions of the family in general.

“ H——s and D——s's you're here faith by
dozens !

Welcome half-brothers, and seventeenth cousins.
Well may ye drink to him, *ance* ye went barely,
But ye now in snug places sing *hooly* and *fairly*.”

Sir Peter is the son of an Edinburgh merchant, which probably gave him a *calculating turn*, and he is descended from D—— of D——, the chief of the name, which might very *legitimately* (now a most favourite term) entitle him to look high, even to the top of his

profession—gaining it always, be it understood, hooly and fairly, i. e. by no rapid, dashing, moveable pivot motion, but by well-digested manœuvres, and by an *echelon* movement.

At an early period of life the general served in the celebrated corps of cavalry called —— light horse, which always distinguished itself against the enemy. On one occasion Sir Peter dislodged the French in a most gallant style from the heights of Arenes, which commanded Toulon, but which were afterwards retaken, and in consequence rendered the town untenable. He embarked afterwards for Corsica; and at different periods of his life served with much credit to himself in the unsuccessful

campaigns of Holland and the Low Countries.

For this long servitude, constant good conduct, and perhaps his book of tactics, he obtained his present high rank in the army, with its accompanying emoluments—the red ribband, and the honour of being once second in command under the D—— of Y——, and once commander-in-chief, *ad interim*, Sir Peter knowing that that *elevation* was not much more tenable than the heights of Arenes, and being perhaps the best possible person who could have been chosen to carry on the *ad interim* command *discreetly and* “*withoot lettin on a word aboot it,*” as Sir Peter’s countrymen would say—there being, in

short, no one who would more coolly and calmly resign his office to his superior, in due time and place, and who so eminently possesses the qualities of obedience and subordination, necessary to a soldier, and to all who, like the general, mean to go through the world *hooly and fairly*.

With respect to the book of tactics, for which the general has got so much credit and renown, and at the same time his share of lampoon and ridicule (witness the nick-name of Peter Pivot, of Davy do all things, the caricature of the general as stiff as a serjeant's halbert, and the words, "Now look at me, I'm an object;" issuing from his mouth, with many other pleasantries on the same subject),

these tactics are replete with utility, and are in fact the ground-work of almost all other manoeuvres. But as to their originality or infallibility, there can be but one opinion on that subject.

The general's early intimate and professional connexion with the celebrated William Bary, his countryman, and a most excellent mathematician, laid the ground-work of all his future plans; and from the *Essai de Tactique*, par Monsieur Guibert, an officer in the service of France, and from General Saldern's *Elements of Tactics for Prussian Infantry*, he borrowed most largely, and turned the loan to the best possible account and interest.

THE BISHOP OF ———

The name of B——— has for a very considerable time been well known to the public, and has enjoyed much celebrity in the army, in the navy, in the church, and in the state. The learned divine has not decreased its fame: for, in addition to being a great classic, he has benefited the church by a scrupulousness as to the qualifications requisite for a candidate for holy orders; and, with a view to promote the study of sacred literature, he has bestowed pre-
mum upon such candidates as excelled in the Greek and Hebrew languages.

Being solicited by a needy relation, who was at the time in the army, to provide for him in the church, he asked

the young man what annual sum would satisfy him. "A snug living," replied the soldier, "of about four or five hundred per annum." "Well," said the bishop, "you shall have that sum annually out of my private purse; but I cannot see in you any particular qualifications for the church; nor can I fill up the place of some fit candidate by thus providing for a poor relative." This conduct would be no bad example for those who bestow high and lucrative promotion on men for votes in parliament, or for bearing the same name as themselves, or being otherwise related to their family, perhaps for being a good shot, or for being their companion in the sports of the field, or an excellent bottle companion, or for singing a

good song, or for having a handsome sister or niece.

Fox-hunting, drinking, and singing parsons are very numerous ; and a certain *late* duke gave away a very good living to a gentleman merely because he had *head enough* to see him out in a severe drinking bout. Dancing parsons, doubtless because they are *active* members of the church, find promotion in divinity and in matrimony, and swarm at Bath, and at other watering-places. Handsome parsons are equally successful in these ways, and make a *good figure* in the pulpit ; but the bishop 'required more essential qualifications than these for the clergy of his diocese.

Whether it was on account of his being so rigid in this matter, or on ac-

count of his taking up the crim. con. causes with so much severity, and proposing that the offending parties should be disqualified to intermarry, we know not ; but the following *mauvaise plaisanterie* was made on the bishop's being translated to the *See* of ———, just about the time that the famous B———, a *distinguished* member of the *Catch Club*, was transported *beyond the sea* to Botany Bay.

Two namesakes of late, in a different way,
 With such labour and zeal did bestir 'em,
 That one got transported to Botany Bay,
 The other translated to ——— !

LORD LOVELAW.

This is a double distillation of jurisprudence—Law by name and law by

nature!—sprung from a high dignitary of the church, and in some measure derived from *canon* law, and now not so famous for *civil* law, as for adding force to the strong arm of power. His judgment has sometimes been called in question, but that has always been by the ignorant *profanum vulgus*, who ought to know that *judgment* proceeds from the *judge*, and not the *judge* from *judgment*.

His lordship is at times stern upon the bench, but he can *unbend* most amazingly; and so ought every *upright* judge, or else there would be no *countenancing* their proceedings. Some *stoop too low*; but his lordship has found the *happy medium*, and *Hon y soit qui mal y pense*—why should not the

long robe be partial to the petticoat. There is a very *natural* connexion betwixt them, and a great deal may be expected from both. The petticoat certainly has the best of it in the *Common Pleas*, but the *long robe sweeps all before it* in the King's Bench. A *train* of serious events may proceed from both, of great moment to the *constitution*. So long life to the long robe and petticoat, and may both be standing toasts through the land!

It is objected that his lordship practised *below* the bar in the commencement of his career; but *barring* accidents, we see no harm in this. It may be called petty practice; but then *practice makes perfect*, as we are told in the *horn book*, which his lordship read with

success. And then, by this means, a man can *parvis componere magnis*, and turn over a *new leaf*, when he gets above the bar, or into the House of Lords, vulgarly called the House of *Peers*, for they are all *lords*, but not *peers*. It is just like married folks: they are all pairs, though not matches: *ainsi, que du reste*.

Now Lord L——, when off the bench, or his *seat* in the upper house, is a right *bottomed* fellow, a good subject, and a very sensible good companion, and he shews his exceeding good taste, by admiring the *fairer* sex, which is very *fair* in him. And he is, also, vastly right for being a different man in *cathedra*, and in the world. What a devil of a business it would be

if a bishop and a judge were to pass his life in a wig. A man may be very different on the bench, and in a bed-chamber or a drawing-room, and yet a very good man in both. What signifies the *broad* letter of the law? It is like broad cloth, coarse, vulgar, and fit for the multitude.

We now conclude this article, wishing that that interpretation which bears most good humour and *common* sense may be put upon it; and that, not only the males of the nation, but the dear creatures of the other sex, while they enjoy the uninterrupted benefit of the *freedom of the press*, may have the *Habeas Corpus Act* ever *in force*, and that no one may be ever *confined*, except to the object of her choice.

LORD MEDIOCRE.

What a disadvantage it is for a little man to be the son of a great man! for a lilliputian to be begotten by a giant! Every one looks up to him for something wonderful; and if his sire's interest, surviving himself, place the pigmy on a classical pedestal, he is lost for ever. The higher the elevation the less the object appears; the greater the space allotted to him the less he fills his situation. The man who would have figured in a drawing-room may be obscure in the field of battle; and the gentleman seaman who could pilot his pleasure-boat would be wrecked by navigating a ship of war.

This misfortune, however, happened to Lord M——, whose ill fate *it is* to be the son of the *great* Lord —— and the brother of the great Mr. ——, which lays him open to observations, trite but true, of all kinds and in all languages, to his disadvantage. One says, “*Sequiturque patrem non passibus equis:*” another cries, “*quantum mutatus ab illo:*” a third exclaims, “is this a C ——?” a fourth, “he can’t be *pitted* with his brother:” in fine, privacy and retirement would have been the only means of averting the finger of comparison, of diverting the eye of examination, and of silencing the tongue of disappointment.

Unhappily again, it pleased government to grant, and his lordship to

accept, situations of high trust, and requiring commensurate abilities. He was *at one* time appointed First Lord of the ———, where the seamen called him a marine adrift, or a lubber afloat, and where all allowed he was *out of his element*. He was next appointed commander-in-chief of the finest and worst conducted armament that ever set sail. Here Lord M. was completely out of time and place, out of his judgment, and one might almost say out of his wits, as he was before out of his element; and, whilst all was waiting and etiquette (what a pity that he had not been a lord in waiting), all failed, and nothing was done. We could not *undamn* the Dutch, whilst they could *damn* us. No bad

idea may be formed of this affair from the following lines:

Lord ———, with his *sabre* drawn,
Stood *waiting* long for Admiral S——n,
And S——n, wishing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting too—for whom?—for ——.

The result of the expedition was, nevertheless, just as unsatisfactory, though not so innocent, as when

The King of France march'd up the hill
With forty thousand men,
And when he got unto the top
He march'd them back again ;

for many of my lord's officers were left in the *damned* country, from whose sluices so many have *not* returned.

Always determined to make a *noise*, my lord was next placed at the head of

the ———, and the *report* of his nomination was the *only* thing we *heard* about him in *that* situation. He *missed* fire at W——, and had just an opportunity of *burning priming* at Woolwich Warren. The most useful lesson, therefore, which can be given to his lordship is, to remember the French proverb:

Qui brille au *second rang*, s'eclipse au *premier*.

DOCTOR JOSEPH W——.

There is such a variety of opinions concerning men, that it is very difficult to give a just biographical sketch of them, particularly during their lives. After the period of existence is over, their works represent them, their passions are

no more, and the envy of their coterporaries, in general, subsides. Thus there are, at this moment, two very *opposite* opinions concerning Doctor W——'s abilities, more particularly as an oriental scholar; so that, whilst his friends extol his talent to the highest degree, his enemies assert that he is, as a general scholar, not above mediocrity, and as an oriental one still more inferior.

The assistance which he received from Doctor Samuel B——, and his literary connexion with Doctor P——, are too well known to need a comment; and the dispute arising out of a claim for five hundred pounds due to the former for literary assistance, which convulsed the University of Oxford for a time, proved, at least, that

the doctor *owed* his friend something; and that, if he was not a *promising author*, he was at least a *promising* man; for his *promissory* note gained more publicity than all the rest of his *performances*.

A *mauvais plaisant*, a contemporary of his at Oxford, summed up his history, by saying, that he was *beat* by a *bad cock*, and very much *below par*. Be that as it may, his merit as a scholar is not of the lowest class, whilst his researches and indefatigability were of the first description of industry. Moreover, he must have possessed no small worth to have been able, without birth, patronage, interest, or intrigue, to have raised him-

self to his situation, in life, both as a clergyman and a man of letters.

Previous to his resigning his professorship, he used to be noted for frequenting a certain coffee-house, which, in his day, obtained the name of dirty-shirt coffee-house, and that *stain* the professor's presence was not calculated to remove. He was remarked for wearing thread-bare clothing, unclean linen; and his *inexpressibles* did not always *preserve the integrity* becoming one of his *cloth*. The protrusion also of a portion of dingy drapery, hanging from a fissure therein, more than once attracted the attention and called forth the hostile pursuit and attack of many of the canine species, so that he was, at times,

“ to dogs a terror, and to men a shame.” Poverty, and absence, deep cogitation, and personal neglect, might frame some excuse for his external appearance, and he felt, doubtless, that

“ He had within what far surpasseth shew.”

When he entered the *holy* state of matrimony, it is, however, to be hoped that he had more decorum touching the outer man as well as the inner one; and that, from improved circumstances, he was not so *put to his shifts* as formerly. This happy state always *adds* something to a man, although it be too true that additions and improvements differ widely; but, in the doctor's case, we sanguinely hope that a *change* of linen and the *mending* of his *habits* accompanied his change of condition, and

that addition and improvement went hand in hand.

On the subject of the doctor some curious impromptus were sported.

IMPROMPTU.

We've Doctor Black, and Doctor W——e,
Examples strange of wrong and right,—
So strong, that no more proof we lack,
That black is white, and white is black.

ON THE SAME.

Why all this academic jar,
'Twixt *Badcock*, Doctor W——e, and Par?
White's *below par* ; and, to their shame,
Badcock and White are neither game !

LORD WOODCOCK.

When *Birch* was mayor, it was feared
that he would be a *scourge* to the peo-

ple; but he turned out a decent good sort of fellow. The late *Wood* might have been a *rod*, or a *mere stick*; but he was considered as the *support* of the rights of the people; he is an honest man, and Pope tells us that

“ A wit’s a feather and a chief’s a rod ;

“ An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

Talking of wit, that is *not* his lordship’s *fort*, and we would advise him, now that he is become a *parliament man*, not to attempt it in the house. He was *punishly* inclined during the late riots, but he made a bad hand of it, for he facetiously observed, that although he was a *wood*, he hoped that the mob would not take him for a *woodcock*, and shoot at him in consequence. This was *making game* of himself with a

witness; but it must be accounted as a *wooden* pun, and therefore won't go off at all. A late jolly mayor was famous for these sort of witticisms; and, in consequence, this epitaph was made for him :

“ Here lies Alderman ——— our late worthy
mayor,

“ Who has left *this here* world and is gone to
that there.”

The truth is, that *mercurial* sallies do not suit the city: the arch deity cannot bear the confinement of narrow streets, musty counting-houses, and the cobwebs of Cateaton Street, Cornhill, and Change Alley, but chuses rather to move in the court end of the town, where Venus and Mercury are both most at home. Gravity, decency, mo-

rality, and propriety, are best befitting the civic chair, and sit best upon the magisterial and aldermanic gown, which is of a nature to become quite ridiculous, if freak or frolic be discovered under it. Witness Sir W—— C——'s appearance when trying to be very funny in examining a frail female committed for a street row, or for an invincible propensity to transfer property from a drunken customer to her needy self.

What, however, Lord W—— wants in wit he amply makes up for in worth ; nor is it possible to find a more deserving, or a more active magistrate ; and still more difficult would it be to pitch upon one who possesses popular confidence to a greater degree without

stooping or intriguing to gain it. There is, in the whole of his lordship's character and conduct, a broad line of honesty, integrity, and independence which are truly admirable and praiseworthy. There is also an incorruptibility of principle, which will, it is to be hoped, bear him out to the end. As a senator, we trust he will still continue to be the citizen; and we equally trust that the air of St. Stephen's chapel will not change the features or complexion of his character, and that, in taking the *air*, he will not attempt to take the *airs* of the court end of the town. Thus may he leave a name to posterity, which will be valued and respected by his grateful country; thus will he lay the corner stone of the nobility of a family derived

from commercial respectability, strengthened by manly principle, and ennobled by patriotic virtues, which will survive the purple mantle or the scarlet robe, and be imperishable whilst time exists.

MR. BRUSHWELL.

“ Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom!!! ”

This song was echoed from Edinburgh to Blackheath, each time this knight of the goose-quill published a dashing *tirade* in a certain Review, or made a violent attack on ministry in the senate. The students and young sprigs of literature, the *growing limbs* of the law, &c. looked up to their patron and prototype as a hopeful indication of their rising one day from the desk to the opposition benches, from their tripod be-

hind the counter to a seat in the House of Commons, or from the glorious occupation of *horning* and *poinding** to the office of Secretary of Legation, or envoy, or even an ambassador.—*Plaudite Pisones.*

This dipping of his pen in gall, and giving such extensive license to the flippancy of speech; this reading of and listening to self, so encouraged the orator and the scribe, that he spared neither rank nor situation, man nor measure, in the house; and, when being intoxicated with success, and blind to decorum, he bespattered an illustrious personage, his critical tribe exclaimed in admiration (as if he had been a tailor) “ Did not

* Scotch law phrases, which Mr. B—— understands.

he *dress* the Prince finely?" He then *measured* speeches with a Mr. C——; but in spite of the volubility of his discourse, and the fatiguing length of his wind, he came off but poorly, and admiration deserted his side of the house.

It is made a boast by the *party*, that he is the adviser of a certain great lady; for which reason we are certain that leave of absence will be granted him to repair to her presence, and to assist her with advice, which she seems much to need; and, with his usual tailor-like *measures*, to give a *proper dressing* to his patroness:—unless indeed his submission to this illustrious character be such, that he is induced to turn Turk out of respect to her *habits*, in which case we doubt not but that the church

and state will absolve him, and never miss him as a member of either.

The safest and most respectable plan, however, that this person could adopt, is to *review* his *own* writings with impartiality, lest they should be *corrected* by *another hand* ere they descend to the perusal of posterity.

LORD A———E.

To a very good heart and an excellent temper, this peer adds an activity of body and a love for the dance, which is seldom to be met with at his age. Although autumnal tints; nay, we might say wintry shades, have long since visited his lordship's whiskers and tresses, still the same tripping step,

light converse, cheerful air, and smiling face, belie the Court Kalendar, and draw youth around him—still does the languishing lady and the neglected belle count upon the resource of a partner at a ball, or angle for a titled arm to hang their departing beauty on,—and still does his lordship, very meritoriously, take pity on their case, and afford them all the consolation in his power.

The peace has been a great falling off, however, to the peer; for the “pomp and circumstance of war” which has reduced his regiment, has also abridged his travelling about the country, and making the thing tell, by living twice as cheaply with his corps as he could do elsewhere, besides being admired by the girls in his red coat, which, though

often old, had still the same charm as the red rag has over the flocks of geese who obey its attractions.

Amidst many good qualities, Lord A. has certainly one failing, which is an unjustifiable penury, through which, however, an accidental circumstance induced him to break. Having, as he thought, given a very pretty lass a one pound note out of his regimental small clothes for a salute probably, or some other favour, the rustic beauty, who could not read, took it to a linen-dra-per's in the north to be changed--when, lo ! and behold, it proved to be a one hundred Bank of England ! The poor girl was taken before a magistrate and committed to prison, until his lordship was sent for to clear up the matter.

Here the worthy peer, very much to his honour, said *that all was right*; and the dear creature was liberated from durance vile. This must have *cost* my lord many a *thought at least*; but it is one additional proof how true it is that *omnia vincit amor*.

COLONEL SILVER.

Fashionable life begins at one of the universities, where a boy learns to drink, to be a sportsman, and to get in debt. It extends to the continent, where an adult learns affectation and grimace, is taught to intrigue, and gets a taste for gaming. It continues (on his return) in the guards, or dragoons,

where a man assumes consequence, marries, cuckolds his wife, and afterwards is divorced from her. It ends in a withered old age, bearing the emblem of a Lord Ogilvie over head and ears in debt, living for a few months in the rules of the Fleet or King's Bench, passing for the remains of an ultra fashionable.

There a man is visited by *quondam* great men, gives his dinners, drinks claret instead of champagne or tokay, grumbles at the times, d—s the lawyers, threatens his creditors, wonders that the Prince does not *do something* for him, or that government has not given him a snug sinecure, or made him Consul-general somewhere; or employed his impotence in high military command;

and all this, forsooth, because that illustrious character condescended perhaps to invite him occasionally to share his hospitality, or that the commander-in-chief, for want of something else to say, complimented him at a review for his regiment being well-dressed, or ordered him to dismiss a parade on account of the intense heat of the weather.

The last scene is a white-washing, when perhaps the subject has been *put up* during his retreat; and he comes out quite fresh to close his career, and either lives on a concealed residue, or on the purses of others. Instead of four-in-hand, he drives a neat tilbury with a *picture of a horse*, or ambles on *the prettiest pony in England*, and is

pointed at in the park, as a man quite *comme il faut*, the very cream of a man of fashion.

Colonel S —, who has lately come out of the suds, has *nearly* run his race. Accomplished, travelled, *admired*, a man of gallantry, colonel of the — militia, up to his chin (as he elegantly styles it, by way of putting a *face* on affairs) in debt, he has honoured both the Fleet and King's Bench with his residence; he has been brought up and been remanded again and again; and at length has *thrown* the shopkeeping and money-lending tribe, who have been tormenting him for years; and, as he was much respected as a *ruler*, doubtless he will be much visited and copied when discharged.

He was, in his day, a very great beau, and not a beau without a belle ; for, like Jupiter, he had them under all the forms and metamorphoses of the Pantheon ; although he has long ceased to visit his favourites in a *shower of gold*, or in the form of the *Hibernian* sign in the Zodiac. Upon one occasion, when he was missed by his fair one, she accidentally went to shew an elegant carriage of her's to a friend, when the colonel was found shut up in it with a wood nymph, or a water nymph, or the partner of some *rustic Pan* of the dairy. The matter, however, passed off as a joke, as will shortly the stubborn opposition of a set of fellows who throw good money after bad in abridging a gentle-

man's liberty, and in attempting to *con-*
fine his views.

The colonel also was, in days of yore, greatly noticed by the ———, but it is much to be feared that he will not obtain any lucrative employment from him, merely from the qualification of ci-devant extravagance, and existing bankruptcy.

MR. CONTRACT.

This person owes an immense fortune not only to lottery puffs, and rich prizes *in the wheel* (for they never came out of it), but to another source of gaming, where the chances are still more against the lucky adventurer, and

where there are more blanks than prizes sold at the very *lucky* office. He began his career on what is called his own bottom, by establishing a common hell at No. — in Pall-Mall, which succeeded so well, that he set up another at No. — in the same street, being proprietor of both houses, as well as one in Norris Street in the Haymarket.

These games and speculations led to another system of finance, namely, a lottery insurance in Northumberland Street, Strand.

Mr. C. was for some years considered as receiving sixteen or eighteen thousand pounds annually; and has retired upon considerably more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; for he actually divided nearly half that sum

betwixt his nearest relations when he married for the second time — more fortunately, it is to be hoped, than the first.

It is of great importance to society to know by what means many overgrown fortunes are amassed, and to warn inexperienced youth from becoming the victims who are to furnish the materials of these ill-gotten piles of gold. The lottery of itself is destructive of the morals and small earnings of the lower classes; and the insurance offices are not only violations of the law of the land, but lead to petty theft, nay to the commission of heavier crimes, and have sent many a deluded wretch to the place of execution and to Botany Bay. But gaming houses of all kinds, and particu-

larly those which go by the name of common hells, may, in one night, ruin not only the circumstances, but also the peace of mind of a whole family; nay, have infuriated more than a few frantic wretches to perpetrate the crime of suicide.

What heart-aches, what execrations, have such fortunes not cost! and yet we see the proprietors of these dens* riding like vice triumphant, or *Knights* of the *Golden Fleece*, which title their *nightly fleecing* very justly bestows on them in every quarter of the town, with double establishments of country and town residences, double provision of wives and

* We may surely call their habitations *dens*, when the Palais Royale, on account of the number of gaming houses in it, is called "La Foret d'Orleans, ou on est volé comme dans un bois."

mistresses, double sets of horses, carriages, and servants, and *double every thing* in their *dealings* and appointments. These fellows also assume the *airs* and importance of gentlemen, while they ruin the heirs of many of our nobility and gentry.

For these and a thousand other reasons the names of these fortune makers, and their addresses, cannot be too well known — not to be resorted to, but, like bad tailors and shoemakers, to be avoided; for although the *mottoes* on their equipages *ought* to be, “Gentlemen, make *your game*,” in the language of their trade; yet, in the language of Bank of England notes, they *turn the tables* on many a respectable man, and make *their game* instead.

SQUIRE B——, M. P.

This is the man of the people ; and so he ought to be, for he *peoples* his share of the country ; and then, again, such is his regard for the *poor* people, that as soon as his affections towards the *female population* produce an *encrease*, he throws the *onus* on the parish, with the usual poor *compulsive* pittance, in order that the *number* of the poor may be kept up.

He has moreover given the poor many *striking* proofs of his regard, having frequently horsewhipped the *gleaner* from his fields, to make room for a *more favoured swinish multitude*, the pigs, to which the poor man's scattered ear of corn is given in preference. These

strokes of power are not confined to the lower order *only* ; for he distributed the same fare to his wife, thereby shewing conjugal authority, and *keeping the staff in his own* hands. It was at one time thought that he would *stick* at nothing ; but, upon a certain occasion, when he was going to *practise* upon his footman, the varlet *squared* at him, and so put his *honor* to a *nonplus*.

He has a rare tongue for misleading young women ; and many a one says she “ wishes as how she had never seen Squire B——, or at least had had nothing to do with him ;” nay, what is more, about election time, he manages, through the malty eloquence of Mich. Eastland, and through his *spirited* conduct at the public houses, to cajole the

populace into a belief that he is their best friend; that he will *stick up* for their rights; and that their dearest interests, and those of their wives and daughters, are safer in his hands than in their own.

Then the hazy *men of Kent*, with orator Mich. Eastland at their head, again vote for the *Squire*, and uphold him as the champion of freedom, until again they come under the *lash* of his displeasure, or until he takes the liberty to make poor Sall or Peg become a *prominent* character in the environs of Canterbury, and she be forced to *lay* her *disgrace* at the *Squire's door*. Then it is, “Dang it, who’d ha’ thought he’d a used us so? He shall never get another vote—” “Until I get you

drunk again in the alehouse," might answer Mich. Eastland ; but it is too late for Dick or Ralph to grumble, or for Sall or Peg to pipe her eye, and to talk of her *misfortunate sitivation*. They are all hoaxed by the *Canterbury tale*, whilst Mr. B—— is firmly seated in parliament.

COLONEL Q——T.

In numerical calculations, the effect of cyphers is immense. How these *vacant things* swell an account! How much is lost and gained by these *empty* representations of quantity! So it is in the amount of men : *actual* figures are *few*, but the cyphers which are added to them are many, and hugely multiply

the account, and swell the page in the book of life to a prodigious extent. A man gets notoriety and fashion for ruining himself by extravagance, for keeping an expensive and celebrated mistress, for some ridiculous whim in his dress, for a crim. con. trial, which stamps him as a prime fellow in the public prints, or perhaps for a match *against* time, which always *matches* him *at last*. Such a man is quoted, has his life written, or figures as the leading character of a lady-written novel, and is proud to be painted as a gay seducer.

Colonel Q——, a few sketches of whose life are worthy note, is no such a character, his course through life having been marked by nothing but honour and integrity, feeling and friend-

ship. *Naturally* descended from a crowned head, now no more, and whose throne is now assumed by a successful general, he bears part of his name, is supposed to be his godson, and wears in secret a splendid order or decoration of his country. Early introduced into England, he admired its constitution and soil, its independence and mode of living, and he accordingly fixed his residence there. A love for the exercise of riding introduced him to Sir Sydney M——, and a great intimacy took place between them: similarity of taste is often the cause of such attachments; and it is allowed that the colonel and Sir Sydney have exactly the same style of horsemanship, and that there could not exist two more elegant cavaliers.

The colonel resided mostly in Yorkshire, and married a beautiful widow, whom he found suddenly dead in her bed, from the impulse of passion or feeling, on receiving a letter announcing the *mes alliance* of her daughter. The colonel has ever since remained a widower, and has dedicated his time to his favourite exercise of riding, to the sports of the field, and to music, of which he is a great amateur.

He entered our service with the temporary rank of captain, above twenty years ago, and formed a regiment of fencibles in their horsemanship, in a manner most creditable to himself, and most satisfactory to their colonel. Since that period he has had temporary rank in the artillery, and has taught many

hundreds of able and graceful horsemen in that corps.

He is esteemed by every one who knows him ; and when he quits the labours of his profession, it is to move in the very highest circles of life. He is particularly noticed by the Q—— and the royal family, and is of all her Majesty's parties. His foibles are supposed to be an inordinate devotion to his violoncello, and a taste for practising medicine : his acts of charity, benevolence, and kindness to his fellow creatures, are numberless ; and his manners are peculiarly graceful and soft. He is moving towards great old age in perfect health.

THE DUKE OF CHATEAUNEUF.

Whilst every true Briton must lament the loss of that most respectable British nobleman, a pattern of the old and good school, whose acts of loyalty and public spirit, whose hospitality and private worth, so justly endear him to his country in general, and to his friends, neighbours, and tenantry, in particular,—whilst we shall ever bear in remembrance the old duke, the greatest good we can wish to his son and successor is, that he may resemble his father in his conduct through life, and that he may keep up, and continue in the full extent and observance, the old baronial customs of his ancestors—the dignity and independence of his house ;

and that the P—— armed tenantry, the open house at A——, and all the rare remains of ancient nobility and patriotism, may still flourish as an example in time of peace, and as a support to the country, if adverse fortune should at a future period provoke the desolation of war.

No man can read the old ballad of Chevy Chase without taking an interest in and having a sense of the grandeur of the houses of P—— and D——; and one could almost wish that the descendants of them *looked* even the characters which they represent. In this respect the present duke literally *falls short*; but it must be allowed that the title has not devolved upon a *beardless boy*; for if *crinose* appear-

ance give an imposing air, his Grace has *strong* pretensions to consequence on that score. Many chapters have been written on whiskers ; but after all, there must be something in this article, since both the ancients and moderns have attached such mighty importance to the beard. We hear of the wonderful beard of Aaron ; and we see sages, philosophers, prophets, patriarchs, and high priests, painted with huge beards. The Jews owe much of their consideration to the crinose fringe on the chin ; it helps them even in their money dealings, since a wag was heard to say that without it many of their bargains would be *bare-faced robberies*. Then, again, the dignified mustachio of the grave important Spaniard of other

times, whose loss of beard and change of costume have dwindled him down to nothing, the terrific appearance of the Cossack, the martial *hair*, as the cocknies term it, of huzzards, with a thousand other examples.

Crinosity certainly gives the idea of experience and strength, and for that reason, the French and other foreign troops in the last sanguinary wars were very proud of a great growth of hair on the cheek, upper lip, and often on the chin. For this reason, probably, Lord L—— used to have a frightful quantity of grey stubble on his cheek, or perhaps, for fear he should be thought to have *too much* face; and indisputably, for this reason, does Colonel H—— of the ——th huzzards sport a fiery red beard

like a Rabbi, which has gained him the nick-name of *Barbarossa*: the colonel may, however, have another reason, which is to prevent him from being taken for a *croppy*, as he once (*par force*) commanded a division of the rebel army.

But to return to the Duke. His Grace, from the hirsute appearance of his whiskers, has gained the name of the *poodle* amongst the fair sex; and although the old English mastiff would be a more sonorous and respectable name, yet doubtless *domestic* qualities have obtained him the former appellation; and indeed a man may not consider himself an *unfortunate dog* who possesses those capabilities, and that *je ne sais quoi* which fit him for the lap of beauty.

In the strain then of the simile, let his Grace remember the qualities of the poodle, and then the comparison will not be so odious. The poodle possesses the highest possible degree of intellect of his species; his qualities are vigilance, quickness, and activity, fidelity and attachment. These properties, whether applied to the fair sex or to the state in general, are valuable beyond description; and he that *watches* over his country's welfare and independence is the *guardian* of his own and of his nation's honour, active and faithful in discharging all his relative duties; and, attached to his king, his country, and the fair, will honour any situation, however elevated in life.

SIR C. BURNTCHILD.

What is it that gilds the afternoon of life? Is it the reflection of the splendid deeds of our youth, or the perfection of practical virtue? Is it the mellowed though parting rays of warm and universal benevolence, or the perspective of the enjoyment of the fruits of our labours? Is it the absence of that glow which our humanity has imparted to others, or the retirement of the sage, to contemplate a well-spent life, and to prepare for an exemplary end? Which ever of these pictures may best fit the scene, they none of them represent Sir C. B.; — none of them reflect his image or flatter his hopes; — not one view of the

subject brings him into action. His youth and his old age have been so at variance with these different positions, that it is difficult to tell what can make the latter supportable to him.

Early in the field of vice and extravagance, and strong in body and mind, he made a prematurely *manly* progress in profligacy and prodigality; and he married one who might have *matched* him in libertinism, but could not remain *paired* in matrimony. During their union, and at their disunion, the same licentious voluptuousness, the same freedom of thought, action, and speech, prevailed; so that the baronet was unpitied in her infidelity, and only equalled by her in his corruption of sentiment.

The D—— estates melted under his profusion; but entails, and precautions, still kept a number of other valuable properties together. And, during the privations which extravagance produced, he turned to account his social talents, his table qualities, his knowledge of languages, but, above all, his knowledge of the world; and, whilst living on the enemy, as it were, he began to feel that independence, which selfishness glories in, namely, the partaking of comfort without expense, and the enjoying of pleasures without imparting them to others.

Time brought on the recovery of ease, and increased it to affluence; but the *real* man was not to be changed: *self* had brought him into the disorders

of enjoying youth, into the schemes of matured experience, into the egotism of money-loving old age, and the close unconquerable gripe of avarice. To recover prodigality by penury, to prop up the shattered fabric of manhood by the repair and caution of experience, to make others pay former follies committed by *self*, to measure his elevation by another's fall, his survivance and permanence by another's wreck and ruin; these are the satisfactions of the baronet, these the enjoyments of a *green* winter, in which perhaps he feels more security than reason, religion, or physic would altogether warrant; although his atheistical friend Mr. G—— (Lady V——s seducer) might encourage him in the idea, and although master

W——r's example might furnish him with a strong instance of long lived immorality.

SIR J. TRAVEL.

We have already observed that there are two ways of attaining an end, or of reaching the same object: the one by an astonishing rapidity or a most daring and exalted flight; the other by slow and continued perseverance, hard and operose labour.

Of this last kind is Sir J. T. who has devoted a long and temperate life to obtaining what a few years might have gleaned for a quicker and a brighter man. This does not, however, deprive

the baronet of the meed of praise; and his laborious endeavours, and long, tedious, and hazardous travels, merit national gratitude and national reward, although they do not call for unbounded admiration, or emulous imitation.

Sir Joseph's taste, in this respect, is a little odd: instead of merely travelling over the continent of polished Europe, he preferred a trip to Iceland; and, instead of viewing with rapture the monuments of Greece and Rome, and contemplating the Venus de Medici in her native beauty, or running the risk of meeting with a living Venus, in the warm climate and under the pure Italian sky, he chose rather to witness the *transit* of Venus over the sun's

disk, by a voyage to the South Seas. There was, certainly, something very *cold* in this *Iceland* expedition, and something very much in *nubibus* in the *transit* affair; but, probably, a Joseph did not think it safe to behold Venus for a longer time, and was anxious to be amongst his innocent moths and butterflies at home.

No man has, however, enjoyed more steadily the countenance of his ——— than Sir Joseph. Some think that this is on account of his *moral character*, whilst others attribute it to his *breed of sheep*, for his ——— was very fond of fattening mutton; and similarity of *taste* and occupation begets much good-will and friendship. Poor Sir J. has been very roughly handled by some satirists,

and particularly by Peter Pindar, who tells us :

Although Sir Joseph is not deep—discerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nut-shell might with perfect ease inclose
Three quarters of his sense, and all his
learning,
Whose modest wisdom therefore never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames.

But honest Sir Joseph always bore it with as much patience, and with as unmoved a front as her Majesty's Zebra did the many pertinent and impertinent remarks on it, and worked on his way amongst his insects uninterrupted and unwearied in his pursuits. Whatever may be the spleen of his enemies, or the nature of those qualities of his which seem to give food for satirical remark, it should never be forgotten that the most

valuable voyages of discovery have been recommended and pointed out by him ; and that the African institution owes to him, in a very great degree, its origin, as also the advancement of the colony of New South Wales, whither the naughty females who infest the streets have been sent to become honest women. For the investigation of the natural history of New Holland the public is likewise much indebted to him.

In a word, if slowness and mediocrity fall to the venerable president's share, they are in a great measure counterbalanced by indefatigability and rectitude of intention, which have always in view the old adage,

“ *Che va piano, va sano, e lontano.*”

MR. BAD'S-THE-BEST.

Upon what strange grounds are the titles of celebrity and a man of fashion acquired ! If a man have a fortune moderate or extensive, provided he spend it in a *short time*, so as to live at a *devil of a rate* as long as it lasts it is *good* : if he then get in debt as much more, reserving either enough to live upon, or having acquired some useful knowledge, some lessons which a man may have at *his fingers' ends*, it is *better* : if in his career he marry a *Right* honourable wife (for an *honourable* one is not so easily got), and he separate from her, and live on his overturned fortune with some notorious courtesan, and perhaps kill a man of title in a duel, and pass

for a dangerous man, or good shot, it is *best*. This is the bonus, melior, optimus, the magnus, major, maximus of fashionable spirit, good conduct, and principle: this is the morality *à-la-mode*.

A fool borrows money of a Jew; a man of fashion pleads usury and pays him *not*. A green-horn gets in debt and into a sponging-house, and into gaol perhaps, and then he repents, writes penitent letters to his near relations, raises money on his expectancies, cuts down his timber, retrenches, and pays his creditor: but a *real* prime fellow gets *as much in the wind* as he can, goes abroad, and compromises with the *vagabonds* for a shilling or two in the pound, or raises cash upon rotten secu-

city—post obit most likely ; comes to his estate or title, calls them d——d Israelites, common robbers of *artless young men*, and *throws them over the ropes* by his title or a seat in parliament : he promises, however, to *see* what can be done for them ; but turns to a pupil in vice, and says, “ Jack, I’ve hoaxed Moses, or the tailor ; and, as for doing something for him, I’ll see him d——d first ; or perhaps, for *example’s* sake, he brings an action against the usurer, and ruins him for having lent him five or ten thousand pounds, with which he bought his eminence in life as a first-rate fellow.

Mr. B—— has done all that is necessary to merit the name of a buck of the first water—a man of fashion of the first

order; for he has spent a good property, reserved enough to himself, married a right honourable wife, who very *properly* has turned her back on her husband, and he, very *stylishly*, has taken up with another, a courtezan, a gazetted r——l mistress, or rather mistress of a r——l protector. Mr. B. has also killed his man, for which he don't care a d——n; lives in the Rules, which is very much coming into vogue; and, if his creditors are not *had*, why he's not *half* the man he appears to be.

And who would call this extravagance, want of principle, adultery, murder, or homicide, and downright dishonesty?

Why, an arithmetician, who knows nothing but cyphers, or a philosopher

who knows nothing but books, or a philanthropist who is a fool, or a quaker who is a bore, but certainly no man of *taste or fancy.*

THE AULD-TOON FAMILY.

This noble family has been famed for eccentricity and gallantry, which have been common to both sexes of the name of S——d. There has been a *consistence* in *these points* which does not belong to every family to *boast* of; but *this* house has *kept it up* most completely. The beautiful Mrs. S—— will never be forgotten in the annals of gallantry, nor will the many good things (*a little broad and palpable*) said by a

certain lady A—— soon die amongst the lovers of wit and *double entendre*, vulgarly called by an unlettered Pat, *Dublin tender*, or rather *tinder*; for such are the Irish *sparks*, that their fair favourites are called *tinder*-hearted creatures: no wonder that they become *flames* to so many.

A certain book, intitled the A—— family, bears ample testimony of this; but, not to go further than the present race, no deviation from the fame of their ancestry appears. The honourable colonel, now in the Rules of the Bench, and waiting for relief from title or *compromise*, both of which not unfrequently go together, keeps up the game pretty well; for he has attached himself to the separated wife of another

gentleman, and has, for his *rural* establishment, a set of *ready-made* children, which sit as well as *ready-made habits* in general do. The colonel is quite easy in the family way.

There is, however, a reverend and honourable brother betwixt his honour and nobility; *a par nobilis frater* in right earnest; but as the title has gone hitherto in the brotherly line, his creditors are not without hope. It is said by the colonel's friends, that he is *working* himself *out* of the Bench, which is quite a fashionable term with the bloods of the present day, being reducible to only two classes, those who are *working* themselves *out* of a prison, and those who are *working* themselves *in*. The act, however, keeps up the high spirits

of our youth of fashion, who, it must be allowed, ought not to be too long *narrowed* in their enterprize, nor confined to *local prejudice* or to *local remarks*.

LADY FLAME.

This lady, who was better known in the annals of gallantry by the name of W——, puts us in mind of *the ruins* of an ancient Greek or Roman temple, not altogether on account of the superiority of its structure, the beauty and perfection of its materials, and its *rareness* as a *model*, but because antiquity makes it curious, and because we call to mind, in the contemplating of it, the irreligious and immoral purposes which it has served, the defilements and

outrages offered to it, the orgies and revels which have been celebrated in its interior, the profanation and prostitution of its altar, and the blind, fevered, and ill-directed devotions, which, burning with the odours and incense of flattery, have been offered at this unhallowed shrine.

Lady F—— has changed her name : her nature and habits have remained the same, with only one alteration, namely, that time has disfigured the one, continuance has defeated and degraded the other, and delivered them alike to disgust and disregard. What a walking lesson this overblown withered rose, whose natural colour is observed, and the leaves of whose graces are scattered by the four winds, and, offensively de-

void of sweets, are rolling down the declivity of life, offers to the frail fair ones of her soft interesting sex! but will they take the lesson?

We remember this Lady W—— habited *en militaire*, at the head of a militia regiment, the boldest and the gayest in the tented field, the admiration of the camp, the pride of her easy husband, who might afterwards have said in the language of Othello, but with more reason :

Would that the camp, pioneers and all !

* * * * *

——— And I had *nothing* known !

We remember this foolish man shewing the object of his idolatry to a brother officer through a window, *whilst in her bath*; we remember that, *that* bro-

ther officer was the first *accredited* companion of her infamy ; we recollect *faux pas*, again, again, and again, *iterum, iterumque* ; for with her ladyship, *decies repetita placeit*. We saw her in Paris leagued with a Frenchman : we remember her gaming parties, her return to England, her journey with Mr. S——, her juvenile indiscretions or mid-day unblushing vices, the autumns of her broad attractiveness, the facility of access, her liberality in love, and her extensive popularity in the haunts of pleasure.

If all the darts of love have had *any* impression on this lady, she must resemble the figure in old almanacks bristling with arrows, like the fretful porcupine ; she must be starred with

wounds, spotted with punctures, and embroidered all over with cicatrices; but it is impossible that every shot could have told : it is in love as in archery,

Non semper feriet quodcunque mirabitur arcus.

She must have *melted away* in softness, if every amorous *impression* had taken effect. But love is like a tale *often* told ; it loses its effect by too frequent repetition ; its charm vanishes in air by being made known to every vulgar eye and ear ; there must, therefore, be a great callosity about her ladyship's heart, which, however, we will hope is not equally imparted to her mind and conscience.

SIR T——— BLOT.

There can be no doubt but that the blind urchin, Cupid, not content with wearing the *bandeau d'amour* himself, imposes it on all his votaries. How blinded, in consequence, are we by our passions ! and those who are not blind as to the imperfections and appearance of their paramours, always are so as to their interests, views, prospects, and conduct. When we see elderly gentlemen gamboling about in love's mazes, we pity them ; they seem so truly ridiculous : it puts us in mind of a gouty man of sixteen stone dancing a waltz or a fandango, when perhaps his wig drops off in an amorous whisk round, and discovers, if not the nakedness of the land,

the nakedness, at least, of the skull, not much more furnished within than without; or, perchance, in attempting to show his agility, some one treads upon the flannel-clad toe, and makes him yell like an expiring ox; or, lastly, not improbably, he loses his balance along with his judgment, and falls prostrate at his fair one's feet in an inelegant attitude, and bursts at the same time the waistband of his pantaloons.

Old ladies, too, when the blind deity gives them a puncture of his arrows, fret and fume, and pout and simper, and “grin horribly a ghastly smile.” —PARADISE LOST!—and play such unbecoming youthful pranks in the face of day, and in violation of common sense and decorum, “as make the angels

weep,"—we mean the angels of the fair sex. In all these cases, the love and moon-struck antiquated maniac, who is thus

“Sighing and whining,
Dying and pining,”

for a husband or a lover, is sacrificed to interest, and is made the object of slight, hatred, and ridicule.

Thus too has Sir T—— Blot been blinded by Cupid's artifices, not as to the object of his desire, for she is beautiful, but as to his conduct, and even the management of his intrigue.

To the Canterburians, whose TALES are famous, and partake not a little of the marvellous and romantic, this *faux pas* of the *belle banquiere* is not at all astonishing. The decaying maidens,

and disappointed widows, have been watching at their tea and gossip tables, with which they keep the good town of Canterbury in complete *hot water* for many a year to detect the faltering beauty, who, flirting with every *beau*, who has been introduced *en passant* to her husband's counter or acquaintance, has been marked by the eye of curiosity, pointed at by the finger of malevolence, and long sullied by the pestiferous breath of scandal.

Two military supporters, in general, decked her fair arms in her public *promenades*, when she used to *s'afficher l'intrigue*, or at least, *la galanterie*. Now, however, she has changed her colour, from the military to the naval uniform, and has chosen the *blushing*

honours of a *red* —, and the amorous *emprises* of a faithful but imprudent knight. So much for the fair lady, whose husband certainly is not *handsome*, but who has thus blindly sacrificed comfort and respectability at the shrine of love and vanity.

Sir T—— has, from ungoverned passion and blind partiality, violated the rights of hospitality, trampled on friendship, defiled consanguinity, and closed a career of glory by disgracing the honest character of a British tar, and by losing sight of that *delicacy*, which, *even in love affairs*, makes such nice distinctions, gives *even to errors* such shades and discriminations as mark the gentleman or the fellow, the ardent lover or sensual ruffian; thus

adding to his name one more *stain*, to which, in the language of Shakespear, it might be said, “ Out damned spot: not all the perfumes of Arabia would wash clean this little hand.”

Talking of hands, also,¹ the captain has truly made a *bad hand* of it; for after losing one arm in nobly defending his country, he has damaged the other by meeting the relative on whose kind unsuspecting nature he has placed the broad seal of infamy and dishonour—infamy to the donor, and dishonour to the receiver.

As a further proof of amorous blindness, may be adduced the silly conduct of having under his roof a tartar of a prying sister, to *oversee*, not to *overlook*, the wanderings of his heart and mind.

One benefit, however, may be derived from the bad example thus given, namely, to teach elderly lovers more prudence and precaution, and a better choice of housekeepers.

CHAPTER III.

Though worse than phrenzy could that bosom
fill,

Extreme in love or hate—in good or ill,

The worst of crimes had left her woman still.

LORD BYRON'S CORSAIR.

HIS Grace here concluded the list of the persons whom he had seen in court. But let us return to the injured husband. When the trial was over, the lawyer flew to inform him of his success. He was, however, greatly disappointed that the judgment went by default, as it shut the door to his ingenuity, and abridged the eloquence of his young counsel, who set out with the above-mentioned quotation, and was prepared to make a laboured and most rhetorical reply to

the counsel on the other side, throwing the great *onus* on the seducer. He was, however, still more mortified to find that his client would not see him, but begged him to leave a line to inform him of the proceedings. Quibble wrote six sheets, at the usual rate of thirteen and fourpence each; but *still* his pride was touched, and he went off much hurt.

The clergyman, who expected a good dinner and much festivity on this occasion, lamented the dry reception of his visit: the porter informed him that his master was indisposed, and that he had orders to deny him to every one.

Mrs. Marmalade now also arrived: she was prepared to sink down in her chair with fatigue and the shock of her nerves: she had to tell what she suffered,

and that she never was *so put upon* in her whole life; but that she rejoiced at her master's triumph, with many other circumstantialities, all of which were useless, for her master was not to be seen; all she could do was to return to her chamber, and to kiss the children very loudly as she passed her master's door. She, at the same time, instructed the servants to say that she was very ill indeed, if she was enquired for; but that if her master wished to speak with her, she was at his service.

The chamber-maid came home in high spirits: she had picked up a sweetheart in court (the lawyer's clerk); and the rest of the servants all got drunk because master had gained his cause.

Mr. W., nothing elate, ordered his things to be packed up, left his children in charge of the housekeeper, and quitted town for a few weeks, to avoid the impertinent inquiries, idle visits, and inquisitive looks, of his *nominal* friends and numerous acquaintances.

Mrs. Marmalade was now at the end of all hope respecting her projects: she had ruined her mistress's fame, as far as depended on her; she had played off every air and grace, every stratagem and feint of which she was possessed, and all to no purpose: her master regarded her with the most provoking apathy. She had, moreover, slighted the butler, who had saved, or stolen, *n'importe*, some hundred pounds, and was about to quit service and to set up in an inn.

As she had now no more expectation of becoming a gentlewoman all at once, she began to think that the occupation of a bar would be well suited to her attractions and talents ; that she would (by becoming the mistress of an inn) live upon the fat of the land, and be generally admired by the gentlemen for the suavity of her manners, the elegance of her dress, and the enchanting *en-bon-point* of her person. She did not even despair of running off with some simpleton heir, or mad peer ; and, thus imitating high life, leave the *fellow* of a butler to *consort* with *his equals*.

She accordingly set about courting the butler in her turn, asked him very kindly how he did on her coming in from walking with the children, patted

him upon the cheek, and told him that she had got something particularly nice for his dinner: but old *Screw* was coy in his turn; he refused dining with her; said that fine ladies had better dine by themselves; that he should dine with his fellow servants; and that he wasn't to be taken up and set down again like a family lap-dog; besides, that he had a pretty girl in his eye as wouldn't play the coquet with him.

Mrs. Marmalade wept, and said he was a false cruel fellow; but that he had served her right for placing her affections so much beneath her. Butler *whistled*, and observed that *vixen's* tears argified nothing: he had seen missis cry, and yet she thought nothing of ——. Here Mistress Marmalade hit

him a slap in the face, and thus stopped him in his essay on woman.

The butler married the former waiting maid of Lady Charlotte, a very beautiful woman, who brought him a very *large* infant six months and a half after their *happy nuptials*. She complained of being frightened by a blind fiddler, which thus *accelerated* the appearance of the young stranger; but there was a great likeness between the infant and Lord John Castletown, who eyed Mrs. Tiffany with a degree of peculiar condescension.

Mrs. Marmalade turned her regards to a serjeant in the Life Guards, who most warmly and affectionately returned her flame; but somehow or another forgot to marry the good lady, which

was thought by all the household to be very much unlike a *gemman*. This story soon got into the scandalous chronicle of the neighbourhood, and she was removed from the charge of the children. She now set up a milliner's shop, and, although she sells very few articles of dress, she is become so *popular* in her neighbourhood, that she talks of purchasing a house at Margate, in order to carry on a branch of her trade there.

The butler and his wife lived (as the servants styled it) like cat and dog; but it is evident that all this was merely *high life below stairs*, and that these *worthy domestics* had *faithfully* copied the examples which their masters and mistresses had set them. The house of

Willingfair was famous for visitors who made faux pas, for not only Lord Mona, but his brother, who was very *moral in his advice* as to the *impropriety* of Lord M.'s connexion with Lady Charlotte, had himself eloped with another man's wife, and Tom Shuffleton previous to his marriage had been cast in a cause for crim. con. So much for the morality of people of *haut ton*.

The Duke had now concluded all his business in town: he had also sold his town house and furniture, and brought every thing to the hammer which would produce money. Tom Shuffleton and he had one very merry day previous to their parting, after which the former joined his wife, and the

latter went to consult with Lady Mona as to their further plans of operation.

He took young Algernon down to the north with him, and established the widow and daughter in a most comfortable manner there. Algernon, in due time, was sent out as cadet to India, and is at present as promising an officer as any in the Company's service; but what is still more gratifying to know is, the good fortune which attended the whole of the Algernon family from the moment that the benevolent Duke took them under his patronage and protection.

They had been a very short time in the north when an express arrived from Maria Algernon's seducer. He had

sailed for India, but had not proceeded further than the Gut of Gibraltar when the vessel he was in was wrecked, and he had nearly perished in the waves. After undergoing many hardships he was landed on the rock, and took to his bed. A violent fever deprived him for some days of his senses. The figure of the injured Maria all this time haunted him in his dreams, rent his heart, and racked his disturbed brain : fear seized upon every fibre of his frame; and when he recovered from the fury of delirium he sunk into deep and uninterrupted melancholy. He however recovered slowly, and made a solemn vow that if ever again he touched British ground, he would throw himself at the ruined Maria's feet, and dedicate

the whole of his future life to making every atonement in his power. “But, alas!” cried he, “I have broken her poor father’s heart: the blood of that injured parent is upon my head, and calls for vengeance against me. Maria too, perhaps, is irreclaimably lost—perhaps will refuse me—perhaps even is no more.”

His voyage home was agonizingly long; and his disappointment on finding that his victim had left London was indescribable. With some difficulty he discovered her retreat, and despatched an express to announce his return, and to be the bearer of his most unfeigned sentiments of contrition, whilst he only waited for Maria’s answer to fly to her presence.

Oh! ye who have plucked the blush-

ing bud from beauty's stem, who have severed the half-blown rose from the parent tree, who have deprived the early plant of culture, and have snatched it from the sunshine of maturing perfection ; ye who have scattered its sweets to the passing gale, have ostentatiously worn the fresh flower in your bosoms awhile, and carelessly, basely flung it from you, trampled its former attractions under foot, think, oh ! think, what *disgusting change*, what speedy death awaits the object of your guilty plunder ; reflect, that lost innocence, like evaporated sweets, and faded bloom, engenders nothing but *corruption*, that what *was* fair becomes loathsome, that what *was* fragrant grows offensive ; early withering seizes on the blossom,

and it soon returns to earth again, without having fairly lived out its hour of prosperity, and droops into a premature grave, without having sent its odours up to heaven, and without having occupied its *due* place on the face of the creation !

What will be your hour of sickness, your fevered nights, your waking dreams, ye revellers in beauty's undoing, ye murderers of female repose ? How many may have yet to feel the anguish of Maria's betrayer ! How many would give kingdoms for his hour of retribution ! How many who wear the broad front of triumphant infamy, the proud portliness of successful villainy, the bloated stare of unpunished libertinism, and the careless carriage of

unfeeling impenitence, may yet experience storms, tempests, sickness, loss of reason, privation of strength, and may, when too late, become in turn the disregarded and despised *second* children in nature, the paralyzed decrepid objects of disgust, the walking representations of former execrable excess, the disfigured examples of *worn out* sensuality, the hoary headed priests burnt up by tending the unhallowed flame of voluptuousness, and exhausted by the long sacrifice of innocent victims to their immeasurable desires !

Fortunately for Maria's seducer, he survived the aching pang of conscience, and had time to repair that injury which no gold can compensate for, which no time can obliterate—to blot out that

spot which "all the perfumes of Arabia cannot make clean." After an humble confession of his fault, he repaired to the north, and united in wedlock with that heart and hand which he had injured and deserted; he cicatrized that wound which was fast turning to *incurable* gangrene.

On his arrival in the north, the kind-hearted Duke called on him, and in the most dignified manner spoke his mind to him on the subject of the lieutenant's death, and of his family's sufferings. He applauded and encouraged him in the retributive act of justice which he was about to perform; he assisted at his marriage, and he shed a tear of sensibility over the wedded couple. Whilst he beheld the triumph of virtue over

vice, and whilst he enjoyed the *unmixed* pleasure of doing good, had a man unacquainted with the world and with the Duke viewed him on this delightful occasion, he would have set him down as the immaculate emblem of unerring perfection. Had a severe stoic, acquainted with *his* character, but *not so* with the human heart, beheld him at this moment, he would have accused him of being a hypocrite. But he who knows poor and perishable humanity, he who contemplates finite and flexible human frailty, with the *mixed* and *contradictory* elements of man, would have felt his pulse beat high, his respiration grow interrupted, his cheek glow with an unusual warmth, and would say, "this is a man!"

The festivity of this marriage was great. The Highland pipe lent its proud and martial tone to the ceremony; the merry dance and the enlivening song went round; whilst prancing youth and revived age mingled in the gay reel; and all was Highland mirth, Highland faith, and Highland honesty in the scene. Youths there courted the youthful objects of their choice, and old men lived *again* in the story of the days of old, and grew proud in the legendary tales and in the songs of their country's glory. The following Highland chant was sung on the occasion, humbly but faithfully translated.

Albyn, my country dear,
Bless'd be thy name;
Albyn shall never fear,
Country of fame.

Land of the hether blue,
How my heart warms to you !
Land to thy chieftains true,
Albyn go bragh !

Albyn, thy clime is cold,
Wild are thy plains ;
Albyn, thy sons are bold,
Full are their veins ;
Strong is thy sea's rough tide,
Strong is thy mountain pride,
Albyn the world defied,
Albyn go bragh !

Red is Glen Eagle's scar,
Lofty his rocks,
Great is his name in war,
Many his flocks ;
But were his flocks but few,
On yon lone mountain blue,
Clansmen he'd have enough,
Albyn go bragh.

Albyn, my country dear
In each heart beats ;
Albyn, thy name can cheer
Armies and fleets.

That name, from pole to pole,
Warms every clansman's soul,
To hear glory's thunders roll,
Albyn go bragh!

After this national chant, the merry dance began again, and again arose the sound of wild but heartfelt mirth. Many a mountain air was played; many an appropriate song was tuned upon the occasion: love and friendship sat hand in hand at the banquet, whilst freedom and truth presided at the board. Now was revived the ancient hospitality of the Gael; now did the memory of their forefathers, great in war, liberal, nay lavish, at the generous feast, revive in their descendants: all was benevolence of sentiment, whilst every thing breathed mountain munificence, honest moun-

tain pride, and natural, unassumed mountain manners and customs.

The Duke returned from the Highland festivity full of wine ; but fuller of proud feeling, of national attachment, of devotion to honour, duty, and hardihood, of the never-dying and never-fading principles of mountain magnanimity, of primitive valour, and of primitive kindness and benevolence. He threw himself on his couch for a few *morning* hours, dreamed of bonnets and of kilts, of drawn broad swords, and of waving plumes, of clan-gatherings, and of border inroads, and was sorry to awaken in modern times, and to find himself in moderate circumstances, unequal to his princely habits and to his princely heart.

A letter from Lady Mona now called him to the capital of Scotland. Things had taken a very decided turn, and his presence was absolutely necessary to bring to a close the double drama which had so long been performing, and in which he was to be a principal actor. But ere we proceed to state his plans and operations, we shall return to Lady Charlotte and Lord Mona, and animadvert on her conduct and feelings during the trial and concomitant exposure which had lately taken place, and which shall be the leading article of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

“ What lost Marc Anthony the world ?
A woman !”



THE empire of woman over man has often been the subject of ample discussion and observation ; but at the present day we seem not to be much more upon our guard on this subject than our antediluvian predecessors were: we fall into the same errors, succumb to the same attacks upon the heart, yield to the same temptations as father Adam did ; and all the Adam's sons in the world have been as prone to taste of the forbidden fruit, and to run the awful risks of its consequences, as at that re-

mote period. Moreover, it is not a colour, a complexion, a form, a kind, a mould of perfection, or the consummate assemblage of art which captivates us : novelty and caprice appear to form the great charm, and to conduct men's minds and men's actions in a most extraordinary manner.

This was the case with Lord Mona and Lady Charlotte. Lady Mona's person is far more handsome than Lady Charlotte's : and her temper is mild, kind, and amiable ; whereas, Lady Charlotte's person is merely pretty, but fascinating, and her temper is quick, lively, and unequal. Yet time destroyed the empire of the former, whilst novelty established the reign of the latter in a lover's heart.

But we not unfrequently find the tyrant of one beauty become the slave of another, and the rebellious female partner of one bed turn the most submissive minister of the imperious will of a second lord. The cause of *legitimacy* does not triumph in *these* cases; and we much fear that an insurrectionary spirit exists in these female *liberales* and *independants* which tends to shake off the chains of the *old world* of *duty*, and to establish a new republic of love in its place. *Long* established authority is galling to *these* children of freedom, and some very serious change is necessary in the matrimonial circles of *high life*.

In like manner as Lady Mona's person is superior to Lady Charlotte's, so is

Lord Mona's to his rival in the ci-devant partner of his affections ; but as an apology for this, we have every-day ladies of fashion who say " my good lord, or Mr. So-and-So is certainly a very well-bred handsome man, but we were never formed for each other : his temper is so uncertain, his habits are so irretrievably vicious, his want of attention is so galling, that he ought to have died a bachelor, and to have passed his life in the sports of the field." Then again my lord, or Sir Harry, tells you " what a d——d fool I was to marry for money ! I could have had an heiress with more money and a better person ; but I was so bewitched as not to know it until it was too late ;" or else, " what an idiot a

man is to marry a *face*, when mind and fascination is every thing! Poor Lady So-and-So, she is a devilish good sort of woman, but the most insipid partner in the world: then again, so complaintive, so jealous! A man wants something very attractive to *come home to* in order to make amends for the disappointments and *chequers* in life." Thus these fashionables state that they are *paired*, but not *matched*, and they, therefore, *pair off* with others, and *match* each other only in dislike and infidelity.

Others live, the one party in immorality, the other in pining discontent; and these very often pass for the best people, and for the happiest couples in town. *Fashion* leads them to *different*

engagements; *custom may* lead them to the *same* apartment, but they inhabit it as short a time as possible; and thus runs on the humdrum of life, until a discovery or a will brings out the story of a separate interest, another attachment, and probably of a second family. It is a melancholy sight to behold the *menage* of couples in high life :---but a truce to preaching, and let us return to Lady Charlotte.

It might be supposed that, during the trial and exposure which were proceeding in a court of justice, that she would have been dejected, humble, fond, and submissive to her adopted mate, and have tried every means of captivating him further, and of making him amends for damages awarded, and

for a loss of character—if so it was, for unfortunately it only established a reputation in *some* circles ; and women there are base enough to tell you that they would not give a fig for a husband who has not fought a duel, and been the subject of a crim. con. suit. It was, however, *tout au contraire* with Lady Charlotte ; for instead of being soft, mild, and manageable, she was fretful, hasty, full of whims and fancies the whole time, unequal in her spirits, “ uncertain, coy, and hard to please,”—but she well knew what she was about.

Thus she kept her lover on the alert, brought him to constant action, gave him no peace, kept awake his pity, his love, his doubts, and his fears : “ she

might be ill, poor thing! she might repent having thrown herself out of society; the thought of her children might afflict her; shame might overcome her; she was to be managed with every *delicacy*, and with every consideration;” and thus did she obtain more attention, care, and kindness, than almost at any other period of her *reign*; for it would be unhandsome, ungallant, in a lover to *abate* in his attentions at *such a time*: it would seem as though a man had a qualm of conscience, an *antiquated* feeling of remorse, a change of fancy, and that there was no *sentiment* at all in the connexion.

When the trial was over, they were more calm; and then Lady Charlotte

accused her paramour of *falling-off* in his expressions of kindness. By that power called fanciful novelty, there are strange and *fine drawn* distinctions in the *beau monde*! very oddly tinged and tinctured shades of shadows of discrimination; very whimsical ways for accounting for one poor monosyllable, by name change!!!

Her ladyship is a great tactitian in love, and is aware that a pretty woman's lip gains, sometimes, by a pout; that a smile is a great light to the shade of a frown; that a transient tear clears the sunshine of the eye, and gives double lustre to its beams; that

Iræ amantium renovatio amoris;

and that the following lines form an

apology for pettishness, which is unanswerable :

And when angry——for ev'n in the tranquil
quilest climes

Light breezes will ruffle the flowers some-
times,

The short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest
when shaken.

MOORE.

The Duke and Lady Mona had by this time communicated their plans to each other, and it was decided that the latter should divorce her lord. This, however, was to be done with decorum, caution, a proper politeness, and a due consideration of *les usages du monde*. In the first intimation made by Lady M. to my lord, she regretted, above every thing, the public exposure which had

lately occurred; she dreaded his father's displeasure; and felt even for a certain duchess. As to herself, she had not dared to listen to her own feelings for a considerable time; and she was so much alive to delicacy and public opinion, that she would have for ever buried her wrongs, sooner than *thus* have become the town talk, and *thus* to have given an example so injurious to the interests and happiness of their children. After this she hinted, that situated as she now was, it behoved her to take legal advice, and to be placed in a more independent and advantageous situation and light than she now stood. She concluded by a wish, that her lord might be more happy with the *second* object of his choice than he had been with the

first, who certainly never *forced* herself on him ; doubting, at the same time, whether one who had made a bad partner to a very mild and indulgent husband, would be calculated to give much felicity to one of *at least* a very positive and imperious disposition. This squib was followed by an intimation of her intention to sue for a divorce, the laws and customs of the north being particularly convenient and easy for this measure.

The reply to the first communication was a very elegant, well-written, and delicately-couched avowal of guilt, with an assurance of no intention of opposing the measure which *her ladyship* deemed most beneficial to her, and most calculated to further her views of

establishment and *future* arrangement of life. His lordship was well aware that such a one as Lady M. was not calculated *to wear the willow*, nor to be the disconsolate and deserted partner of a wild and unworthy spouse, nor to become *premature* weeds, or weeping widowhood, under which impression he was bound in honour, and led by inclination, to meet her wishes in the present instance; but that as *future* correspondence was about to cease, he thought he might trespass so far as to request that lady Charlotte might not be the subject of second exposure, promising on his part, *out of respect to her ladyship*, to furnish *further* cause for the suit in question, which would answer *precisely* the same end.

This was another *nice* distinction, a fine-drawn delicacy of the *first* class. Lady Mona would have delighted to have been revenged of her rival by all possible means ; but the fear of delay and expense decided her to make a merit of necessity, and to oblige her lord, for the last time, who in return *swore* that he should always be glad to know that she was happy, but advised her to be very cautious in forming another connexion, frankly confessing that *bad* was the *best* of his sex. This display of *pseudo* candour is quite in fashion now-a-days, things are given so high a polish, such a *vernish* of circumlocution, and elegant touch, so much flourish and ornament, that it is difficult to say, on the first *apperçu*, what is virtue, and

what is vice; amiable weaknesses and good-hearted errors, having all the form and glassiness, all the attraction and appearance of real intrinsic worth, which we often meet with, set in a coarse uninviting frame, whilst frailty is double cased with the brightest and most dazzling ornaments, not unlike the false German taste in novels and theatrical composition, where we see the strangest misrepresenting and bewildering names given to things. The benevolent robber, the milky-hearted murderer, the fair and penitent adulteress, guilty, but unequalled love, the sentimental suicide, and the noble-minded seducer, et cetera, et cetera, which gaudy trappings so bewitched the young mind, that it scarcely knew whether the

amiability of vice is its apology, or whether virtue is not a very ragged and vulgar virtue. By this transposure of the attractive did my lord seek to give an advantageous colouring to his conduct, to surprise his lady's admiration; and whilst he himself sought for separation and change, to leave her some portion of regret, and to awaken some partial feeling in her bosom—strange contradiction.

Lady Charlotte was removed to a sequestered spot, romantic beyond measure, and felt all the weight of obligation which she owed to Lord M. for making so *wise* and so *considerate* an arrangement on her account. The suit went on in all its forms; and as it was a mere *matter of form*, this was suf-

ficient, and the result was what might have been expected, namely, a divorce. A number of very official documents passed backwards and forwards respecting the children ; kind enquiries about health ; the whole ended and ministerially subscribed with the highest possible consideration.

Lady Charlotte also amused herself by writing romantic letters to Mr. W. about *her* children, wishing to substitute heroic sentiment for domestic virtue, and to surprise admiration after the loss of esteem. The romantic life of the divorced couple was delightful to view ;—climbing the steep and craggy precipice together ; plucking the wild flowers planted by *nature's* hand, for *nature's works* and *nature's*

law have, of late, become great favourites, *parmi les gens comme il faut*, at least as far as the favourite quotation goes, of

“Curse on all laws but such as NATURE made;”

—and then it was a very pretty amusement to see the bee extracting honey from the wild *thyme*; it seemed like *time* for courting, and the *roving* bee at last *fixed* upon a favourite flower;—then again the butterfly! very pretty to follow the butterfly!

“Love free as air at sight of human ties,

“Flaps his gay wings and in a *moment* flies;”

—Then murmuring rills, rippling streams and fountains, Zephyr’s *warm gale* waving the rose---the rose, as Anacreon tells us, the flower of love!

--Then Echo enamoured with lover's
vows, repeating them again and again;
--and, lastly,

(*Their*) listless length at noon-tide would (*they*)
stretch

And pour upon the brook that bubbled by.

For they had (to use Junius's words)
all "the madness of poetry without its
inspiration." Thus passed their days,
till the time of family arrangements and
convenient fashionable compromise ar-
rived.

In the meantime the other pair of
turtle doves, separated by prudence and
propriety, prepared to meet at a central
part betwixt the highlands and the ca-
pital. They had preserved the strictest
decorum, and the most guarded conduct,

until the result of the trials which dissolved *apparently* indissoluble ties, and set free those individuals who complained of being *ill assorted* in the journey of life. Now the Duke and his *Querida*, the *Lumbre de sus ojos* (as the Spaniards say) met without control, and indulged a corresponding flame. They too indulged in the romantic, visited a watering-place, trod together the sea-beaten shore, read, walked, saluted, talked nonsense, and *looked* a great number of pretty things at each other. T—— M—— helped them, and scores of other die-away damsels and swains, to happy ideas, and to melting strains, in his amatory poems and in his languishing melodies, whilst the Pastor Fido was the

book of sovereign predilection from its voluptuous tendency and its masterly love *reasoning*; whilst at the same time it has always had a marked preference and pre-eminence, from its having been prohibited by so many of the clergy, burned by order of the Pope, kept from young ladies at boarding-schools, and condemned by *stern* moralists: one, amongst a number of its most favourite passages, is the following:---

Legge umana inumana,
Che dai per pena dell'amar la morte!
S'il peccare si dolce
E'l non peccar si necessario.

Thus consumed their short days in expectation of the happiest of moments, whilst Tom Shuffleton was safely moored by his better half, and was felicitous

in *novelty*, having long been a wanderer. One morning, as he was reading the papers, and *amusing* Mrs. S with a list of the divorces, separations, faux pas, intrigues, and disagreements in high life, saying how Lord Mona had jilted the duchess, had afterwards left his fair bride for a little brunette, who left her mild partner for a fierce man of war, whose rib divorced him, all *forlorn* we were going to say, but *all for love* we do say, whose paramour had been the faithful swain of a departed married dame; how again Lady Mona came of an amorous family, how my lord's brother run away with another man's wife, and how he himself (Tom Shuffleton) was taken in for a crim. con. formerly by a lady who might have

fixed the *onus* upon Lord Jemmy Jessamine ; how the duchess who had been jilted fixed her affections *elsewhere*, if not *every where* ; how Lord John, the Duke of Glen Eagle's brother, kept a French lady, and how their old neighbour in town, Mrs. Ombre, although elderly and plain, was at *her old tricks*; and how lucky that her daughter got married just when she did, with many other very interesting particulars—he received a summons from Glen Eagle to meet him about twenty miles off on business of some importance, informing him, by way of news, that Mr. Insipid, whom he left at Bath, was married to Miss Fitzowen, a reputed fortune : but the match of Miss Fitzowen and the

Duke's important business shall be reserved for the next chapter : so, until then,

Vive L'amour !

CHAPTER V.

Ladies, and knights and arms, and glorious
love,

And courtesy, and brave exploits I sing.

LORD THURLOW.

WE do not quote the above *promis-*
sory lines on account of their beauty,
nor out of devotion to the right honour-
able poet from whose pen they flowed,
but because they contain the *ingre-*
dients of the ensuing chapter. Before,
however, we proceed to the knights
errant in love, and to arms, and glorious
love, and to the courtesy betwixt the
whole of the *contending* and *compro-*
mising parties, and before we chronicle
one of our heroes as one of the most

valiant and intrepid captains of the age, we shall proceed to give an account of the match betwixt Mr. Insipid and Miss Fitzowen.

We need not inform the learned reader that before ladies are sent out to India, like damaged or returned goods, to be put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder, or perhaps disposed of by *private* contract, the effect of the voyage: before poor nobility and gentry determine upon transporting part of their live stock for a foreign market, and previous to an old maid, or *flawed* article being entirely *laid on the shelf*, the watering places offer a promising mart to beauty unaccompanied by fortune, or to *gilded* deformity and disappointment.

There is a middle course also very generally pursued, which is magnifying a meridian age, an ordinary person, and a moderate property, into an uncommonly agreeable *young person* of *peculiarly amiable disposition*, or of the most *finished education and accomplishments*, or of the *highest connexions*, with an *overgrown* fortune. Whereas the young person is about thirty; she is *agreeable* to be *married*, but not otherwise so: her accomplishments are strumming on the piano-forte, and singing out of tune; her high connexions are, being sixteenth cousin to a poor Scotch peer, and her *overgrown* fortune consists of from one to five thousand pounds, which “*vires acquirit eundo*,” and is made, *from passing from mouth to mouth*,

fifteen, twenty, or perhaps fifty thousand ; and sometimes an hereditary lawsuit appears in lieu of ready cash.

The men at watering places are often gamblers, and sharpers ; but at last a spinster, not previously acquainted with the party, may expect to get a broken, refused, and rejected beau, a man of nominal fortune deeply in debt, or an athletic Hibernian fortune hunter with great prospects, but with nothing but his good looks “to clothe and feed him :” these characters swarm like bees about a hive ; and although the motley group is composed of as many characters and adventurers as we meet under the mask at a carnival ball, yet every one passes for a gentleman, a man of property, or one of great family and

expectances, just as every plain woman is amiable, all female *hangers-out* for husbands are fortunes, and no young lady is bad tempered or disagreeable until after marriage, nor reaches the *dreaded* age of thirty until wedlock or wrinkles proclaim the stubborn, long, and well-concealed truth to all the world, past contradiction or manœuvre.

Miss Fitzowen had made her appearance at the different fashionable watering places for ten years, and had been on the point of being married two or three times ; but ambition on her part, or over interest on the part of her *lover*, had always broken off the match. She was one of the *soi-disant overgrown* fortunes ; but she had in reality nothing *overgrown* about her but her *per-*

son, which was tall, and had fallen from moderately plump to downright thin. She was however straight, and had a number of airs in the way of embellishments to her person, a hacknied smile, and an ill-imitated girlishness. From divers disappointments, and the fear of being called an old maid, she had relaxed in her ambition, and become more easily pleased in a suitor.

She travelled with an old maiden aunt, who was downright frightful, and who gave it out that she (her niece) was to inherit all her *huge* property (consisting of a house at Bristol, and a handsome annuity which died with her), independent of the *young* lady's *own* fortune. The aunt kept a handsome carriage, wore a few jewels, and pinched

the ——— of herself and niece (keeping her servants on board wages), in order to give eclat to their appearance in public, and to get off Priscilla. Cheltenham was their place of resort this season, it being the only public haunt of the kind which they had not tried. There they met Mr. Insipid, who soon fixed their attention, and became the needle of Miss Fitzowen's loadstone.

Mr. Insipid was the son of an eminent artist, who had left him an ample fortune ; and having no profession, he became the most insipid and unmeaning being of the creation, namely, a private gentleman. He had travelled all over the continent, and on his return had

lived a town life for a dozen years,
having literally

Beat each haunt with game in view,
Run every pleasure down,
Drove Fashion's airy circle through,
And liv'd with all the town.

MORRIS.

He had indulged in all the follies and expenses of high life, and had gradually, selfishly, and systematically reduced his fortune to a very trifle, always, however, keeping up an establishment of four horses, two grooms, a man out of livery, and a curricie. These were pretty well known as a mere job, a hacknied concern at the watering-places for the last five years, during which time he had been in search of a wife, to keep up not *only* his establishment, but

to take himself into *gentleman-like keeping* for life. He too, like Miss Fitzowen, had met with some matrimonial disappointments. He had been very successful in gaining young lady's inclinations and affections, which a volubility of small talk, gross flattery, and a drive out in the curricule, had invariably obtained; but somehow or other the young lady's parents and guardians did not seem sufficiently aware of Mr. Insipid's *personal* merit; and there had always hitherto been a demur about settlements which broke off the match.

This gentleman, on his part, had become more reasonable in his expectations than heretofore; and he was now *moderately* resolved to *strike* for eight

hundred or a thousand per annum, and to sink his *own small* principal in an annuity. This being the case, he was determined to avoid *settlements*, and to appear to be quite easy about money matters, whereby he would become sole proprietor of his wife's property, no disposition being otherwise made by deed or legal instrument.

Miss Fitzowen soon appeared to suit his purpose; and as she was old enough to dispose of her own hand, he thought that he was likely to escape the fiery ordeal of marriage settlements and deeds of trust. He accordingly turned all his attractions and attentions to Miss Fitzowen, drove her out in the *same* curricule, made the *same* verses, and said precisely the *same* things to *her* which

he had said to a *dozen* before, and precisely with the *same* success ; the young lady being attracted and flattered in the *very same* manner ; for Mr. Insipid was of a very good person, though elderly, and of very pleasing conversation, with a particularly genteel address, whilst special care and high dress took off, in appearance, at *least* five years of his age, which really *was* forty ; he *looked* like thirty-five, and was *stated* at thirty, where his hour-glass had stood for the last ten years.

Miss Fitzowen and her maiden aunt were as little anxious as Mr. Insipid to come to parchment and seals, and they therefore resolved to pump the gentleman's valet, through an old coachman, and to pick out sily of Mr. I. himself

all they could respecting his means, as also to discover who his banker and connexions were, and to play off disinterestedness all the while:

This double game went on a considerable time: the banker was named, and it was found that Mr. I's cash account for ten years had been very considerable, because he was selling out the whole time through an unknown broker, and placing large sums to his current account: this was a dexterous manoeuvre. His tutor was referred to, who had known him a man of fortune, although he had lost sight of him for fifteen years. All this was most satisfactory, and the young lady looked forward with delight to a married state, and to a certain appearancè in life

which might create envy and procure a degree of affluence.

The happy day at length arrived, when leaving Cheltenham for Bath, the indissoluble knot was tied. A week was spent in honeymoonish nonsense, during which time Mr. Insipid found out that Mrs. Insipid was like the figure of Diana without her *coldness*; and in a semi-conjugal, semi-lover-like letter, written during *two days long* and *painful* separation, he addressed her, "My own dear darling Diana!" which was answered by, "My own dearest Apollo!" for Mrs. Insipid had discovered that her husband had all the fine proportions of the Apollo Belvedere, besides all his wit, wisdom, and poetic inspirations.

The honeymoon twinkled out, and

left clouds and darkness behind it. The aunt was now to return to Bristol, and the young couple to take a house, and commence a new establishment suitable and commensurate with their fortunes and high expectations. A previous visit to London became necessary, and the odious but unavoidable moment of pecuniary explanations and solid arrangements. Here the *solids* dissolved, and the explanation was most painful and unsatisfactory.

Mutual reproach, mutual disappointment, and mutual disgust now took place. An attempt was made to patch up matters by gaining over the hideous aunt to break up her establishment, and to join stocks with them; and here, for the *last* time, the man and wife coa-

lesced. But antiquated Mrs. —— knew a trick worth two of that, and preferred living alone to mixing her stock with an artful designing hypocrite, who had —— her niece into a marriage. Here love (who had only been a *hungry* boy in masqueradish disguise) flew out of the window, and want—*worldly* want—came in at the door; and to use the language of Jaffier,

Is at (*their*) heels, and chases them in view.

Thus far goes the Duke's story. The sequel is briefly, that the lady's fortune being but five thousand pounds, closely settled by a deed of trust on herself many years ago, in order to prevent any husband from having a power over

it, and Mr. Insipid having but two thousand pounds left, the establishment was necessarily broken up, horses and carriages sold, and they now live in Wales, the most unhappy couple on earth, with completely separate feelings and interests, with a perfect mistrust and absence of esteem for each other. Diana has become a mere couple of deal boards stuck together, a thing without a *single* beauty or attraction; and the dearest Apollo Belvedere, with his fine proportions and enlightened mind, has sunk into an altered elderly gentleman full of complaints.

The hideous aunt still visits the watering-places, but has changed her *battery*, gaining every where friendships and attentions, and making sponging

visitations to people, upon their speculation of her leaving them her immense property ; and when she has tired out one dupe, she retires home for a few weeks, lives frugally, and then starts again for the next summer campaign, and makes a fresh one. Whilst Mrs. Insipid, who (to use a vulgar expression) had been *hugging* herself on her advantageous marriage, is now likely to *hug herself altogether*, by a separation mutually agreed on by the *new married couple*, each party being mutually tired of each other, each blaming all but self, and each cursing their unlucky stars which caused them to be thus disposed of, and very capable of giving good advice to others on the subject.

This marriage is only one of a thousand which daily take place, yet which do not, however, deter either the thoughtless miss of sixteen eager to emerge from a boarding school, the waning old maid in the afternoon of life, no, nor even the crafty experienced widow, once ill married, but who, poor dear thing! finds it so lonesome to be without *a man in the house*, and is so vapourish from solitude.

When the story of the watering-place match, which, *soit dit en passant*, is no bad hint to the frequenters of these gay places, where they will find plenty of examples like this, was concluded, the Duke begged Tom Shuffleton to accompany him to where he was to be made the happiest of men, name-

ly, to the spot where he was to be married to Lady Mona, now become free by having divorced her husband, and now at liberty to evince her attachment for him. On their road they met with a very singular character at an inn, an English *Chevalier d'Industrie*, which is a character less frequent in this cold clime than on the continent, where a warmer sun fertilizes the brain for adventure, and sublimates the wits, whilst a pure air sharpens the appetite, and makes mens' genius (as is invariably the case) rise in proportion to their wants.

At one of the inns in the north, a travelling gentleman, with a groom picked up on the road, but clad in a splendid livery, and with a whole regiment of dogs at his heels, appeared to

be travelling on a shooting expedition. He informed them that he was waiting to be joined by a female friend, a lovely woman, which caused his retirement, and that he had had the misfortune to lose his baggage on the road. His modest assurance, an easy and unaffected air, good person, elegant dress, firm and collected look, with a knowledge of foreign languages, operated as a passport to him. He had evidently seen good company, been abroad; and as the day was wet, the travellers agreed to join company; and they passed four-and-twenty hours together.

The adventurer, who discovered the rank of his companion, requested the Duke to frank half a dozen letters to some of the first nobility in England;

and this circumstance confirmed the previous good opinion which both the travellers had of him. A very pleasant day was spent ; a brace of pointers was sold to the Duke for twenty-five guineas ; and the adventurer, who had half a score high sounding names, prevailed also on him to cash his draft for other twenty-five.

During the remainder of the Duke's journey, he and Tom, on comparing notes, found that the gentleman traveller had a great defect of boasting, added to an inconsistency of memory not unfrequent with habitual liars. He stated his age at thirty-one, he had been in parliament, was a lieutenant-colonel in the army previous to his selling out, had been presented at all

the courts in Europe, and was heir to a baronetcy and to a considerable property. But upon comparing dates and periods, the time which he spent on the continent, his service in the army, his session in parliament, and the years of his retirement, he must have been above sixty years of age, whereas he scarcely looked above twenty-eight or twenty-nine. This staggered them a little.

Upon negotiating the bill, however, a disappointment, as our reader will anticipate, occurred. The agent stated that the gentleman had *once* been in the commissariat department, but had not had cash at his house for a considerable time, and that he was led to believe that he had since parted from

his wife, and had studied surgery. On further investigation, it was discovered that he had been travelling through all the north of England, had made a tour of the lakes, and was now on a trip through Scotland, fishing and shooting, but living on his wits; that he had purchased dogs, horses, a dog cart, and other appendages to a sportsman, in different ways, but had invariably *forgotten* to pay for them; and that, when these schemes and devices failed, he paid his reckoning by making love to his landlord's daughter, or to his landlady herself, and that no less than five fair dames and damsels, who had been *bred to the bar*, were sighing for his return from the north, when they expected to

be made gentlewomen of; finally, that the widow, keeping the inn where the Duke had met him, was deeply enamoured of him, and that it was supposed that he actually *would* marry *her*; after which, doubtless, he would make *more* than a gentlewoman of her, for he would make her a *queen*, as Paddy calls it, by leaving the kingdom to herself. Since the days of poor Mary of Buttermere, whose case caused such lively interest, these polygamical adventurers have greatly increased, instead of being deterred by that striking example. We know a naval medical character, who has not *exactly* a wife in every port, but *actually* one in every other quarter of the globe, and two in Europe; he, however, has the craft and precaution

to keep them *wide* apart, to correspond with them all, and to visit them occasionally: the American wife, we are told, is the favourite, although madame, who resides in London, and who is not very lonely in his absence, is the handsomest.

CHAPTER VI.

Connubio jungam stabili propriamque
dicabo.

VIRGIL.



THE Duke's nuptials were privately celebrated, and he and his fair partner went to rusticate, to study the beauties of nature, and to enjoy the sweets and *novelty* of retirement and regularity: both these qualities were very attractive, for they were both *quite new*.

This novelty is, to *elegant palates*, just what diet and other regimen are to debilitated constitutions, where change of *fair* or *fare* is a far more powerful remedy than change of air; the season,

moreover, was fine, and the country looked in consequence blooming : both of the parties had much fancy and imagination, which are powerful auxiliaries in love matters : to them might be applied the following beautiful lines from the Italian.

“ It is a lovely hour—though Heaven
Had ne’er to man his partner giv’n,
That thing of beauty, fatal fair,
Bright, fickle—child of flame and air ;
Yet such an hour, such skies above,
Such earth below, had taught him love.”

It generally occurs that these exchanges, promotions, desertions, and entering into foreign corps, these swapping of wives, and matrimonializing of mistresses, as well as marriages of conscience, of connivance, and of accommodation, turn out very ill. Former

habits, want of bloom, long service, changeable disposition, a want of confidence, and a want of candour, destroy domestic felicity, and often deface the varnish of morality put on upon these occasions, and the *cemented* couple falls off from the patched-up attachment, and disunites to rally, or sticks together unconnectedly, and *bears* each towards some other support, on which *rest* for a time their varying loves, until deformed and disreputable decay crumbles the hymeneal altar in the dust, and it lays prostrate in unbecoming ruin to our view.

It is not so with the Duke and his fond partner. Former slights have taught her to value present kindness, and injured love has completely estrang-

ed her from former ties. There is here no looking back to days that cannot be recalled ; no casting

“ A longing, lingering look behind.”

Narrowed very much in pecuniary matters, this couple mutually constitute each others happiness ; but we would not advise a novice, from this almost solitary example, to build a theory, or to indulge a hope that if situated similarly he would have a similar fate. The duchess is a *rara avis in terris*, although not nigroque similima cygno.

Within a very few days of the union betwixt the Duke and his adorata, Lady Charlotte and her paramour were spliced together. Some people go so far as to say that mutual congratulations, mutual

good wishes, and reciprocal jokes and witticisms, passed betwixt these *hands across* partners ; but we are not in possession either of that fact, or of its particulars. There is a certain ease, a *nonchalance*, a *sang froid*, a courtly composure, and well-governed feeling in high life, which might, however, produce such an interchange of compliments and ceremonials ; but we are not prepared positively to state that the effect thereof took place upon this occasion. The two husbands, however, read the alternate marriage with a most gracious smile, whilst each lady made comments detrimental to the other's merit.

Speedily after Lord M——'s second marriage, the din of arms called him

to the field of glory, and left his newly made bride a prey to tears, and in trepidating fear of becoming a widow, well knowing that a single life would not suit her ladyship's turn of mind, and that a *third* attempt might succeed worse than the two first. Shut up in her closet, she mourned away the solitary hours, nor left her heart-rending retirement, until summoned to view her bleeding lord, transported from that plain of valour where British arms have erected a *monumentum ære perennius*. This gallant hero performed prodigies of valour; and we doubt not but that his *former* partner, on reading the detail, must have felt a strange mixture of sentiment, which, doubtless, she did

not communicate to his Grace, her husband.

In private life, Lady Charlotte is not without that *truly lady-like* disposition which varies with times and tides, with seasons and circumstances, and which has an agreeable *fancifulness* in it; being subject to the *time* of her pleasure or displeasure, to the *tide* of her rapid pulse, to the *season* and climate in which she is placed, and to the *circumstances* which she ever (as most pretty women, and all *petites maitresses* do) wishes to subject to her whims and little caprices. She is not without a *lady-like* wish for *undivided* conquest and for *absolute* power, but then there is somewhat of the lion

in her lord, and she has good sense enough to know that, not always, will pettish agaceries prevail.

Nevertheless, in her example as a wife, in the hour of trial and of agonising duty, she has left a memorial never to be forgotten: she flew to the spot where her lord lay sick and wounded, tended him day and night, poured the healing balm of affection into his wounds, soothed the long feverish night, and watched his short, interrupted, and uncertain slumbers, till his recovery. So that in future, whatever little nebulosity may pass over love's hemisphere with him, whatever trifling uneasiness may be presented to him on his road through life with his

new partner, still will he have to say—

Oh ! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And varying as the uncertain shade
By the light trembling aspen made,
When care and sorrow rend our brow,
A ministering angel thou !

MARMION.

The hero, after his return from the harvest of glory, retired with his bride to his magnificent country seat. The death of a relation increased his titles and augmented his fortune, whilst decorations and renown, the reward of his valour, have placed him on the very pinnacle of greatness : every mouth was filled with his praise, every eye was open to behold a conqueror on his re-

turn home: it would be injustice to say that he was not happy in his second choice; so was the Duke in his more soft and languid way; but I would say to those who think to build the matrimonial felicity on the same foundation, to the *refiners* in sentiment, and to the gallants of inconstancy, that these examples are rare indeed, and therefore Messieurs et Mesdames ne vous fiez pas.

Amongst many testimonies of merited praise which the brave peer met with was the following song, composed on purpose for an entertainment given to him by his neighbours in the country :---

THE LAUREL OF CONQUEST.

PARODY ON TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

Britannia ! whose trident is fear'd from a far,
Whose seamen triumphantly ride o'er the deep,
Had nurs'd on her breast other children of war,
Who long in her arms lay reposing in sleep ;
 Arise was her cry,
 To foreign realms fly,
And learn my commands are—to conquer or die !
My soldiers must with my brave seamen entwine
The laurel of conquest, the myrtle and vine.

Undaunted by climate, by danger, or scar,
These sons of Britannia arose from their sleep ;
She smiled, and embraced her dear children of
 war,
And taught them to mount up to victory's
 steep.
 As they mounted on high,
 She heav'd not a sigh,
She dropp'd not a tear from her proud daring
 eye.

The sweet smile of beauty allured them to
twine

The laurel of conquest, the myrtle and vine.

At distance extreme as the opposite poles,
Britannia's fam'd children in battle are known,
Wherever the full tide of victory rolls

The bright star of Britain transcendent has
shone,

The world we defy,

A standard to fly,

Like Britons, whose motto is—"conquer or
die,"

Or (when the war's over) more mildly to twine
The laurel of conquest, the myrtle and vine.

The fame of Britannia's achievements shall last
As long as her white cliffs are lav'd by the
flood,

For the deeds of to-day, still outshining the
past,

Are awfully written in letters of blood.

The brave who thus die

Where enemies fly,

Shall teach their survivors to conquer or die,
To trumpet their praises, and like them to twine
The laurel of conquest, the myrtle and vine.

Ye sons of Britannia, then join hand in hand;
Your standard shall soar like the eagle of Jove,
'Tis your's to effect what your leaders have
 plann'd,
To merit our gratitude, friendship, and love,
 And beauty the while
 Approving shall smile,
On each valiant son of the emerald isle,
Whilst Albion with Erin and Scotia shall twine
The laurel of conquest, the myrtle and vine.

The two fashionable couples often meet and salute each other, or pass in a morning ride, or drive with a significant nod and smile, or face each other at a public place with the most perfect and fashionable composure; for fashionable faces have long ceased to blush, and elegant appearances can never be put out of countenance: emotions and strong expressions are quite going out of vogue, and people of quality now sit

nearly with the same mild and sickly composure either at a scene of comedy or at the most tragical representation. Although people still assert that *his* Grace has a *large* heart where there is plenty of room for a plurality of objects, yet it is certain he passes with perfect placidity Mrs. —, whilst Lord Mona often meets and views with *genteel* indifference the Duchess Dowager who once was his *plus chere et tendre amie* : she has her faithful shepherd's arm to saunter with, and can return the cold and altered glance with *becoming* insipidity, such are the compromises of high life ; we are told, however, that an imitation of Horace's

Donec gratus eram tibi

was sent once by Lord Mona to the

Duchess, whilst others assert, that on her turning her back upon him in a ball-room, or at a dance, occasioned the following lines in French, of which we have given a translation in conclusion, as a sample of polite indifference ; the first couplet run, in French, thus:—

Iris, je ne sais pas pourquoi
Voulut se brouiller avec moi,
C'est ce qui me desole,
Mon cœur epris des deux beaux yeux,
Allieurs adressaient tous leurs vœux
C'est ce qui me console.

TRANSLATION.

The other night, that face so fair
Assum'd a stern repulsive air,
Which caused me grief ;
But that to kinder, brighter eyes,
My heart address'd its ardent sighs
Was some relief.

How often through the mazy dance,
You cast on me displeasure's glance,
Which caused my grief;
But other heart and other hand
Were given to me by love's command,
As a relief.

That Chloe's eyes or Chloe's mind
Should look or think a thing unkind,
Has caus'd me grief,
But in the next short verse below,
The feeling of my breast you'll know,
Which gave relief.

Your efforts to condemn or praise
No transports in my heart can raise
Of joy or grief,
Be grave or merry, weep or smile,
This heart remains unmov'd the while,
Nor needs relief.

THE END.

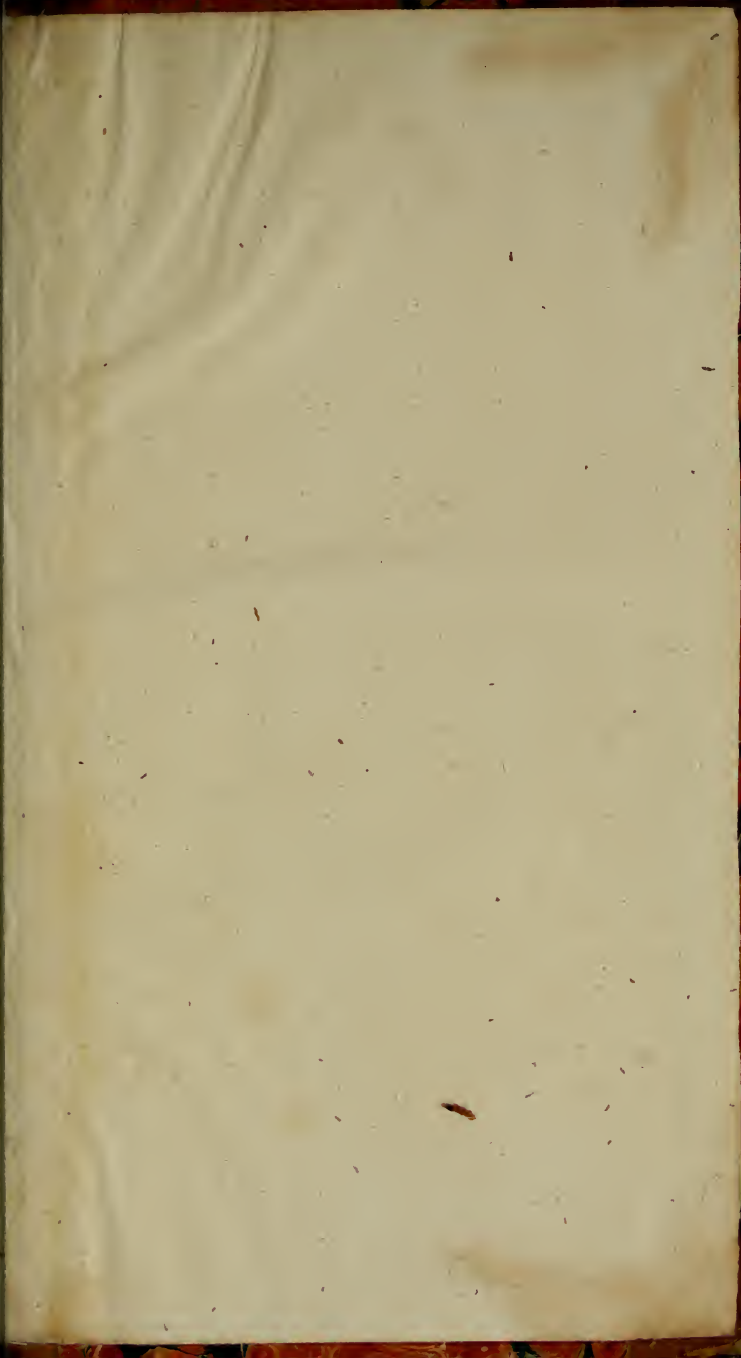
BRIGHTON, OR THE STEYNE.

A *Third* Edition of this New Satirical Novel is just published. A London Literary Journal makes the following observations on this production :

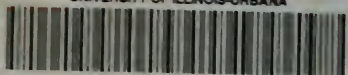
“ Some degree of prejudice will naturally arise in taking up a book of this kind, avowedly satirical, and anonymously levelled at the characters, eccentricities, follies, and failings of individuals, since it is questionable whether this system of ridicule is not more calculated to encourage an obstinate pursuit of our foibles than to produce amendment. After expressing this sentiment of disapprobation at the merciless system of attack and quizzing which has crept from the tea table to the press, it must be confessed that the present work is less bitter and exaggerated than some of its predecessors, and as evincing a clearer discrimination between actual vice and constitutional or accidental failings, and occasionally allowing a preponderating balance of worth and goodness.

“ The tale is principally a vehicle for pourtraying the most conspicuous fashionables of the present day. The hero of the book is a dissipated northern nobleman, ridiculously attached to the frail part of woman-kind, and unbounded in his liberality to his countless favorites. The description of his retinue, popularity, embarrassments, and habits, is drawn to the life. In his frequent journeys to and from Brighton, he is continually pursuing a fair *incognita*, who always eludes his possession, and remains in mysterious and interesting concealment, till the baffled nobleman, who spares neither time, trouble, nor gold, is wound up to the utmost pitch of impatience, and almost resolves to propose honourable matrimony in order to secure the prize. His impatience, conjectures, and reflections upon this theme are vastly droll, especially as the reader is aware of the whole being a hoax, contrived for the amusement of the great luminary of Brighton and his party. The work abounds in humour, knowledge of the world, and pleasantry : the badinage, small talk, &c. which runs through it, is excessively amusing and natural, and will no doubt render it very popular ; the ease and liveliness of the style also entitle the author to a great superiority over most modern novelists.”





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